

WOODLAND STANDARD.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Residence, Railroad
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WOODLAND, CAL.

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SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Woodland, Cal.
Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's
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All work warranted of best material and finest style
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First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over
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Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of
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Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.
Will attend to the collection of accounts.
WINTERS, CAL.

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WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your
meals at the Fench Restaurant, where you
will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS
served in every style.
TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,
B. DENNERY, Prop.

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Money Loaned on Real Estate, Personal or Collateral
Security.
EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN
CITIES.
Collections Receive Prompt Attention.
County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable
Securities, bought and sold.

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Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,
WOODLAND.
GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.
Charges moderate—All work warranted.
66 weeks in your own town. Terms and \$5
outfit free. Address H. HALLITT & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

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Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
WOOD AND WILLOW
WARE,
CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.
Excelsior Block, Main St., Woodland.

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—Dealer in—
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Musical Instruments and Fancy
Goods.
College Block, Main St., Woodland.
\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth
\$5 free. Address Srinivas & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER
Importer from the East.
Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made
to order in first-class style.
Two doors west of Express Office,
Main Street, Woodland.

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PATENTS procured upon inventions. No At-
torney's Fees in Advance. Our House was established
in 1860. We file CAVEATS, and obtain TRADE
MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, Etc.
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Send us a Model of your Invention, with your own
description of it, for our opinion as to patentability.
No Attorney's Fees unless Patent is secured. Our
Book of Instructions, etc., "How to Procure Patents,"
sent FREE on request. Also sample copies of the
"Scientific Record," the "Inventor's Journal."
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Patent Attorneys,
604 F Street, near Patent Office,
Washington, D. C.
PENSIONS.
All disabled Soldiers, and heirs of deceased Soldiers
who died from consequences of service in the Army
are entitled to PENSIONS. No Army allowed after
July 1st, 1880. Send stamps for full instructions in
all kinds of Soldiers' claims.
J. H. SYMPHER & CO.,
Pension Attorneys,
604 F Street, Washington, D. C.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL
AND FAMILY PURPOSES.
Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given
universal satisfaction.
It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all
cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia,
Indigestion, Etc.
It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific
Slope, endorsed by the following certificates of the
eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Mas-
sachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounsbury, of St. Louis, Mo.,
both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and
whose is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and
quality.
I can show thousands of letters from private per-
sons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, tes-
tifying to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as
a family remedy and tonic.
It is sold by all Druggists and Grocers by the case
or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to.
BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.
CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled
with my Signature over the Cork.
G. SIMMONDS, Sole Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St.,
Boston, September 9, 1879.
GEO. SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked
"Nabob Whiskey," received from you, has been ana-
lyzed with the following results: It is of selected
alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED
FLAVORING OILS, ACIDS, METALS, OR OTHER DEleterious
substances.
The whiskey is pure, of superior quality, and suit-
able for medicinal and medicinal purposes.
Respectfully,
S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 30, 1879.
G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob
Whiskey for some time, and have no hesitation in say-
ing that it is, without exception, the purest article I
have used either medicinally or for family purposes.
To many of my patients who have been suffering with
indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed
your Nabob Whiskey for their use, and I take pleasure
in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory.
Please send me by express six cases, also a sample
case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige
yours, very truly,
H. C. LOUNSBURY, M. D.

So long as there are ill to which flesh is heir, and
the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long
will it be necessary to use medicine to counteract the
evils produced and maintain the health of the human
family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offer-
ed to the public for one special disease and another,
and if the truth were known it would doubtless be
found that in the majority of cases these nostrums
have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of
the greatest evils of the present day is the existence
of quick compounds which contain ingredients inimi-
cal to health, and the greatest care, therefore,
should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown
drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no mat-
ter what may be alleged to the contrary.
Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whiskey is
one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is
highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of
nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indiges-
tion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern
States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific
Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana
Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C.
Lounsbury of St. Louis, Missouri. These certifi-
cates are most direct in their statements, averring
that Nabob Whiskey is, without exception, the purest
article that can be used either medicinally or for
family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases
of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used
with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that
this whiskey is of standard alcoholic strength, and free
from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterious
substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure,
of superior quality, and suitable for medicinal and
medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the
strongest that can be furnished, and as there are
thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the
whiskey as a family remedy and tonic, no further
proof of its excellence need be given.

WOODLAND STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, Editor and Prop'r.

F. W. BEACH,

(SUCCESSOR TO D. L. HACKETT.)

Practical
JOB PRINTER.
OFFICE, EXCELSIOR BLOCK, WOODLAND.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec.—Congress
is again at it. First blood for the Dem-
ocrats. The President's attack on the
currency, with John Sherman at his
back, has had a most discouraging effect
upon the Republicans, and they have
been in solemn convulsion ever since the
missile fell in their midst, endeavoring
to harmonize among themselves, but, so
far, without real effect. Senator Ed-
munds is busied with suggestions, but,
as the matter is of such a nature as to
bar him from exercising his Mephisto-
lian attributes of chicanery and trickery,
his peace-making efforts hardly suffice
to cause his brethren to dwell together
in peace and harmony. The financial
fight promises now to be an offensive
one for the Democrats, and they pre-
pare to make good use of their ad-
vantages. Beyond the profuse display
of flowers with which friends of the
Senators and members decorated many
of the desks, and tables of the chairmen,
the opening on Monday was wholly de-
void of interest or variety. Mr. Randall
was highly favored with floral contribu-
tions, none of which came from some
Government conservatory, and his face
displayed his appreciation of the gifts as
he called the House to order and en-
tered upon the routine which precedes the
reception of the Message. As the press
had anticipated the Message, thus ac-
quainting all with its points, few re-
mained to listen to its reading. The
members pocketed their copies, which
were laid on each desk, and disappeared
leaving the Clerk to read to empty seats,
and we venture to say that no annual
message of the past had less weight
with Congress than will have this tame
effort of his fraudulency Hayes.

Vacant desks received it, and, unless
we mistake the adverse feeling so far
expressed, Congress will allow vacancy
to hold its suggestions. Little will be
done prior to January 1, beyond ar-
ranging programmes of labor for the
long session which is inevitable, and the
absence of the lobby interest is quite
noticeable. General legislation only
brings these fellows here particularly
such as are interested in saving the
infamous Indian frauds from demolition.
Carl Schurz is intensely excited over the
expressed determination of Mr. Scoles,
chairman of the House Indian Com-
mittee, to go to the bottom of the frauds
and fizzes of the Interior Department
in Indian matters.

The improvements made in and about
the Capitol have been extensive, and
conduce largely to its beauty. The
broad approaches, which extend from
the avenues through the grounds on the
west to the Capitol terrace, have been
laid in ornamental concrete, with guard-
ing walls of white and blue stone, and
give much effect. The ventilating ducts
are complete. Paint and polish have
been freely used throughout the build-
ing. Brumid's fresco in the rotunda
has been so extended that the visitor
can appreciate the full beauty and grand-
eur of the painting which, as a work of
the painter's art surpasses all others in
the Capitol, save those magnificent
pictures of Moran, representing scenes
in the Yellow Stone region. The re-
commendation of the Secretary of the
Treasury, in his report, and of the Pres-
ident in his Message, favoring the re-
tirement of the greenback from circula-
tion, has developed a decided opposition
to such a measure among most of the
Republican members from the West,
and among both Democrats and Rep-
ublicans from the South. For two
days it was the subject of discussion in
the coat rooms, in the lobbies, and on
the floor of the House, but now a calm
succeeds the breeze, out of which there
came the audible whisper from the po-
tent voice of a strong majority—"The
circulating medium shall not be de-
stroyed, and the business of the country de-
stroyed by such legislation!"

The most important legislation an-
ticipated this session is a revision of the
tariff. Whether tea, that beverage for
which our forefathers raised such a row
in Boston harbor is to be the object of
taxation, or quinine, which feeds our
statesmen to preserve their lives near
the tadpole flats of the Potomac, has not
yet been determined.

The stealing and publication of the
President's Message and the report of
the Secretary of the Treasury, before

they were given to Congress, is still the
subject of investigation, discussion, and,
with a few, some swearing. Many
theories and speculations are advanced
as to the manner of pilfering them, and
several fertile schemes set on foot by the
Executive branch of the Government to
get these documents, in future, to Con-
gress before the fingers of the thief takes
them away and sells them for \$250. It
is not the first instance of this kind, and
therefore they will tax their ingenuity
only for the next administration to fall
into the same trap. In 1867 President
Johnson's message got into the papers
before it was read to Congress, and it
was stated that the many journals pub-
lishing it paid \$100 each for the docu-
ment. Notwithstanding this experi-
ence and renewed vigilance, in 1868
Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch
was startled by reading his report in a
New York paper several days before it
was given to Congress.

The Largest Organ in the World.

The organ for the cathedral at Gar-
den City, Long Island, now under con-
struction by Mr. Hilborne L. Roosevelt,
is described by the *Evening Post* as the
largest and in several respects one of
the most remarkable in the world. It
will cost about \$40,000, and will be put
in place next spring. The main body
of the instrument will stand in the
chancel, and the organist will sit there.
At the west end of the building, in a
tower directly behind a large stained
glass window, is a room in which a part
of the organ will be placed and connect-
ed with the chancel by electricity, like
the organ built by Mr. Roosevelt in
Grace Church, New York. The win-
dow will be opened and closed by
electricity, controlled by the organist
from the chancel, thereby making fine
crescendo and diminuendo effects with
the organ in the tower. Over the ceil-
ing, about the center of the building,
will be placed another part of the in-
strument called the echo organ, which
is to be played from the chancel by
electricity. Underneath the chancel in
the chapel situated there, is a part of
the organ, which is arranged so that it
can be played in the chapel as well as
from the chancel. Lastly, the large
chimes which hang in the tower will be
connected with the chancel by electric-
ity, so that the organist can play them
from the keys of the organ. The be-
lows will be operated by hydraulic en-
gines, and the organist can, by simply
turning on the water, have the whole
instrument, including the chimes, at his
command. Through this will be a
mammoth instrument, and notwith-
standing the great distance between
many of its parts, the pressure necessary
to play on the keys will be no greater
than is used in playing upon a piano.
This is due to the use of electricity,
pneumatics, and hydraulics, which com-
bined render it possible and practicable
to construct such an instrument.

There will be four vox humanas
(similar in construction to the celebra-
ted one in Freiburg); one of these will
be in the chancel, one in the tower, an-
other over the ceiling, and a fourth one
in the chapel beneath the chancel. All
of these will be under the control of the
organist in the chancel, and will be
capable of crescendo and diminuendo
effects. Certainly some beautiful and
extraordinary combinations can be pro-
duced with their aid. In all there will
be one hundred and twenty speaking
stops, the exact number not yet having
been determined upon. The Boston
Music Hall organ has eighty-four stops,
the Cincinnati organ ninety-six, and the
largest organ in the world, that in Al-
bert Hall, London, one hundred and
eleven. Five hydraulic engines will be
needed. Quite a small Gramme mag-
neto machine will furnish all the elec-
tricity needed. Where mechanical force
is required, as in ringing bells or open-
ing windows, compressed air will be
used in an ingenious manner devised by
Mr. Roosevelt.

A young lady who had been married
a little over a year wrote to her mat-
er-of-fact old father, saying: "We have
the dearest little cottage in the world,
ornamented with the most charming
little creepers you ever saw." The old
man read the letter and exclaimed,
"Twins, by thunder!"—[Keokuk Con-
stitution.]

Proposed Reorganization of the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, December 11.—Represen-
tative Manning of Mississippi pro-
poses a reorganization of the United
States Supreme Court, and has prepared
a bill looking to that end. The work
of the Court is altogether too much for
the present number of Judges, and it
takes from four to five years to reach a
case on the docket. To remedy this,
Mr. Manning proposes, in his bill, to
remodel the Court on the same princi-
ple as that on which the Court of Cas-
sation of France is organized. That
tribunal has forty-nine Judges, and is
divided into six sub-chambers, each sub-
chamber having seven Judges and one
chief, with a chief for the full bench.
Mr. Manning's bill adds ten Judges to
the present Court, making a bench of
nineteen Judges. This Court he pro-
poses to divide into three sub-chambers,
each chamber with five Judges and a
chief, with a chief for the whole as now.
Each sub-chamber is to have its special-
ty, so that the causes will be argued be-
fore a bench having a special knowledge
of the subject. There will thus be one
chamber for the admiralty, one for civil
and one for criminal causes. Constitu-
tional questions are to be heard and de-
cided by the full bench, which is also to
determine finally all causes which the
sub-chambers may think momentous
enough to certify to it. Mr. Manning's
plan has the approval of a good many
eminent lawyers, and he will introduce
his bill immediately after the holiday re-
cess and will push it vigorously.

Of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the
distinguished Member of Parliament
from County Meath, and the leader of
the Home Rule party in Ireland, the
London Echo gives his brief sketch:
"Calm, cool, bloodless, he is a man
whom nothing can move. O'Connor
Power grows savage under the exas-
perating treatment of the House and
O'Donnell hisses his words through his
teeth with ill-disguised resentment; but
Parnell remains invariably impertur-
bable. A contest between him and the
House is a comedy. 'Mr. Speaker,'
says Mr. Parnell, amid overpowering
cries of 'vide, vide.' Then comes a
hull, in which Mr. Parnell utters the
words, 'I rise,' which are followed by a
similar outburst. He is almost alone,
his party only numbering Bigger, O'-
Donnell, O'Connor Power and Finegan.
But he never ceases until he compels
the House to pay him attention, and
then he goes on with his speech with
an earnestness which at last attracts
and silences the most turbulent of his
adversaries. It is impossible to put
him down until he has finished. It is
vain to endeavor to disconcert him."

THE OLIVE INDUSTRY.—The San
Diego *News* gives some statistics re-
garding the culture of the olive. It
says there are only 12,000 olive trees
in the State. The profits on the olive
the hardness of the trees, the little wa-
ter required by them, with a constan-
tly increasing demand for the fruit will
warrant a large planting of the olive.
We are gradually solving the question
of adaption to soils, and we find the
olive to be one of the best fruits for
general cultivation. The olive grows
as well on the common plain lands as
on the bottoms or in the valleys. The
olive stands the frost without damage,
and is an early and prolific bearer.

The Secretary of the Interior has ful-
ly decided the case of White vs. Dallas,
involving the title to a valuable tract of
timber lands in Mendocino County,
Cal., which has been in litigation seven
years. White's attorneys moved for a
review and rehearing of the decision
rendered some time ago in favor of Dal-
las, but the Secretary now denies both.

Secretary Schurz has also decided the
case of E. Sweet vs. The State of Cal.,
in favor of the State. It involved
lands in Yolo County.

Why is a handsome woman like a lo-
comotive? No—you're wrong. It is
not because she sometimes draws a long
train; it is not because she indulges in
"sparks;" it is not because she has
something to do with a switch; it is not
because she transports the males; it is
not because she may have a headlight;
it—in fact, a handsome woman is not
in the least like a locomotive—not even
when she is a little "fast" and blows up
her husband.—[New York World.]

The Cake Walk.

Ise gwine to tell de story fur you folks as was'n't dah.
Ob de glittin' an' de glory an' de grace beyond compah;
De rooms was flushed wid fashion, like a garden ob delight,
Wid sunflowers an' peonies an' cabbage roses bright;
In view ob all beholds, in a cornah stood de prize,
Wid frostwork an' wid things to 'chant de rolling eyes;
De cake for which de couples was dere lubly forms to swing;
An' somewhere in de middle ob dat cake a golden ring,
To hoop de chalmis' fangah ob de empress ob de walk,
Whose prance was gwine to dust de eyes ob all dat toed de chalk.
De 'testament' fell in ordah at de no' end ob de hall;
De gazah hedged de open track; a hush fell ober all;
An' den, as musics' 'aptious swell rolled up aroun' de roof;
De d'cetch wafed his sceptah fur de shakin' ob de hoof;
De fust was Rufus Hider wid Sue Whiting on his ahm,
An' de way dey engineered dere heels made all de cahpet wahn;
But his strut was like a turkey's, an' her's not quite de go;
An' bofe retained, 'reft ob praise, as Julius Cesar Snow,
Wid Seraphins Waterbury, came swimmin' down de aisle—
Upon dere bre's a peck ob flowahs, upon dare lips a smile,
A buz ob 'spressed 'miration chased dare trail unill, too late,
Jule tried de 'Brummel hist,' an' frew his gal all out ob gait.
Oh, Jinks! de look she gub him, an' de way she huffed aside,
As, arter dem, serene, an' wid de last Parisian glide,
Scop Brown an' Mand Pilaster, all de boahds wid joy did take,
So 'scrutinatin' dat 'twar said dey'd shahly scoop de cake.
So, couple arter couple 'cowed alon' de gleamin' 'tude,
Dare South Fifth Avenue reposit, an' 'Rue de Thompson' twists,
Dare dangle-tails, an' wriggle hoops, an' all de latest shins,
Whar shingle-wid wid goosenek arch in hahmony combines,
Bet Lor! dat was'n't buffin to de pow'ful 'citements' tuk den,
Yonah truly tuk de ambi'ngroun' wid Miss Eugenia Wren,
I only had to feel her wris' agin my bosom fon' To make me skim de cahpet like de drake upon de pon',
My pins war spy as crickets an' my gunboats light as air,
Only to watch de heavenly step ob dat fair cressah dah,
Wid one eye on de spellboun' fronge, an' one upon de cake,
She seaward down de middle wid de flounces in her waks,
Jis' sim'lar to a steamin' dat leads a trail behin',
An', when at las' she rested, wid her shouljah hunched in mine,
An' 'doked her face bein' her fan to hide de happy tears,
Yon'd 'tought de house had burstid wid de ringin' about an' cbeahs.
De votes war tuk—de cake war ours—we 'spected it dar an' 'den—
Out draped de ring, to deek de han' ob Miss Eugenia Wren.
An' as I rubbed it on, she tuk my button-hole bokay,
An' 'suffit it fore dem all to show her 'pre-eciation gay,
Oh, den dar war de 'citements! some jumped upon de cbeahs,
Some histed up umbrellas fur to shed de rainin' teahs!
An' 'fin'ly closed wid blaze an' bluster an' de hangin' ob de ban!
Oh, Lor! dar nebber were sich times in all dis happy lan'!
I'd radder be de hero ob a cake walk sich as dat,
Dan de proudest Jink dat ebber wore a diamond fur bar!

Trial of James Stephens.

About the year 1858, a young man named Bell arrived in this country from the north of Ireland, ostensibly on a visit to his sisters, Misses Sophia and Fanny Bell, who had previously lived under the roof of James Stephens, the husband of their aunt. James Stephens was employed in the car factory of the celebrated car builder, John Stephenson, and lived with his wife and the two Misses Bells, in a tenement house, the rear windows of which looked into the workshop. Stephens was a Methodist, and bore an excellent character. Mr. Stephenson was also a Methodist, and had a very high opinion of his employee. Mrs. Stephens died after a protracted illness leaving one little daughter about six or seven years old named Isabella, and familiarly called Bella.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Stephens, the girls moved from under the roof of her late husband, and began house-keeping for themselves. They then wrote home for their brother, who came, as above stated.

The young man was by no means as steady as the president of a temperance society, and he and Mr. Stephenson had several quarrels, when at length young Bell shot at Mr. Stephenson, who had him arrested and taken before a magistrate. The formal charge of shooting with intent to kill was made by Stephens, and the young man was about to be committed, when, to the astonishment of every one, he said:

"It is no wonder that I shot at him, your honor, for he murdered his wife—my aunt—by poison."

This turned the tables completely. Stephens was arrested, and placed in the toms, while young Bell was released on bail.

The body of the deceased woman was exhumed, and the stomach and intestines were removed and given to Professor R. Ogden Doremus, the celebrated chemist, for analysis. The professor, assisted by Dr. Buck, a former pupil, took the whole body and boiled it, and by various tests, found

sufficient arsenic in the body to produce death. In his testimony the professor stated that the whole process was most disgusting and indeed sickening. The boards of the coffin, the glass jars in which the stomach, &c., were put, the earth from the grave &c., were all tested, but no arsenic was found in anything but the body.

An inquest was held before the celebrated Coroner Connery, and a verdict of willful murder was rendered against Stephens, the principal witnesses against him being young Bell and his sisters. When the coroner made out his committal, Stephens said to him:

"You have not given me fair play, and I will maintain that even in the shadow of the gallows."

The Grand Jury shortly after met and a true bill was found against James Stephens. A day or two after the inquest the writer was coming from the Express office in Park Row, and as he neared the City Hall he was hailed. On looking to see from whom the voice came he perceived young Bell, who began to talk to him about the case, but as the young man appeared to have been drinking he did not encourage him much. Bell clung to him, however, and as they passed a place in Chatham street the young man said:

"There's where I bought the pistol, powder, and ball."
"The you meant to shoot him?" queried the writer.
"Unquestionably I did," he replied, "for he poisoned my aunt."
At his earnest entreaties, and more to get rid of him than for any other purpose, the writer went with him to his sisters' apartments. They were two modest young women. The elder, Sophia, was about twenty-two years old; the younger, Fanny, only seventeen, and decidedly handsome.

The trial of Stephens took place before the late Judge Roosevelt in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. Nelson J. Waterbury, then District Attorney, and Chauncey Shaffer were the prosecuting counsel, while the prisoner was defended by Stephen B. Cushing, ex-State Attorney-General, and John W. Ashmead, a lawyer from Philadelphia, then practicing in New York. The principal witnesses against Stephens were the two Misses Bell, and of course, Dr. Doremus. Sophia's testimony was very bitter indeed. She swore that during the illness of Mrs. Stephens, her husband would allow no one but himself to attend on her; that he had arranged a code of signals, which were to be displayed whenever that was wanted to give her medicine; and that he sprinkled some "white stuff" on oranges, which were sliced and placed on a saucer for the sick woman, who often complained that she thought her life was in danger, as, after getting her medicine, she always felt a burning pain in her stomach; also, that once her sister Fanny ate some of the oranges, and was soon after seized with a fit of vomiting, and continued for some days. She also swore that on one Sunday he came home from church before the services had concluded, bringing with him a bottle of liquor, of which he wished her to partake. She refused to drink, and he then attempted improper liberties. When his wife died, he asked her to marry him, remarking that there was "no obstacle now." It was noticed, however, that when asked to this a second time, she used the word "impediment," and not "obstacle." My own impression at the time was that this looked odd; because, in such a case, the word would have so impressed itself on a person's mind as not to call for the use of a synonym. She, of course, refused to marry him; and, believing that it looked bad for her to be under the same roof with him, she and her sister left him, and then wrote home to their brother, telling him the whole story, and asking him to come out. Her story in its essential (except with regard to the improper liberties he attempted), was corroborated by Fanny.

At this time Sophia was engaged to be married to a widower, named Samuel Caldwell, to whom she was afterward married. He then kept a small dry goods store, and still keeps one on Third avenue. He is likewise a real estate agent. He was very attentive to the sisters at the time, and always accompanied them to and from the court-room.

When I last saw them, about ten years ago, Fanny was attending in the store, but was still unmarried. Mr. John Stephenson, for the defense gave Stephens an excellent character, and plainly stated his disbelief in the latter's guilt. His wife thought so much of him, that her last words were: "Good-by, my dear husband; we will meet in heaven!"

Mr. Stephenson, however, tried to reflect on the character of the Bell girls by saying that, at a picnic, he thought they did not act very modestly; that he saw them kissing, and such like.

"Didn't you kiss some ladies there?" asked Chauncey Shaffer.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply; "it is not a characteristic of mine."

The writer felt somewhat embittered against this gentleman at the time, believing that he was trying to raise a prejudice against two unprotected girls; but he was afterward compelled to change his opinion. He found Mr. Stephenson was idolized by his workmen, and that he was a noble, charitable, good man. He believed implicitly in Stephens' innocence, and does so to this day.

A sister of Stephens', whose married name I forgot, swore that she purchased arsenic to poison rats, which used to make great havoc among her provisions, and especially her butter, which she kept in the cellar. Her daughter, a girl of twenty, corroborated her. Officers were sent to examine the place, who, on their return, testified that the cellar floor was flooded with water, and that no provisions could be kept therein.

But the most affecting scene was yet to come. After a few words in private between counsel, Mr. Ashmead called out:

"Bella, my child, take the stand!"

A beautiful, fair-haired child of seven stepped from beside her father (Stephens), where she had sat during

the greater portion of the trial, apparently bewildered at what was going on. She was conducted to the witness-stand, and the Bible handed to her.

The judge said:

"Surely, you're not going to swear this child?"

Little Bella was questioned, and gave satisfactory answers as to her religious training and her knowledge of the nature of an oath. But it was still thought improper to swear her, and her simple statement was taken.

Counsel asked:—"Do you recollect last year when your cousin, Fanny Bell, was taken ill?"

"Yes, sir" (very promptly).

Q.—"What did she eat to make her sick, do you remember, dear?"

A.—"Cold cabbage" (equally promptly).

A few more questions were asked and answered, showing that Fanny vomited and complained of pains immediately after eating the cabbage. She was then turned over to the prosecuting counsel.

Chauncey Shaffer asked but one question, while the silence in the crowded court room was painful, and men strained their necks to catch the answer. The question was:

"Bella, my dear, who told you to say all this?"

A.—"My aunt, sir!"

"My God!" exclaimed a voice, near the reporter's table, "she has put the rope round her father's neck."

I raised my head from my notes, which, I am not ashamed to say, were blistered with tears. I in vain tried to repress. Behind me were strong men sobbing. Even the counsel for the people, as well as for the prisoner, used their pocket-handkerchiefs to hide their feelings. I looked at Stephens, I looked at his sister, and at his niece, her daughter. They were all deathly pale, and the judge, who tried also to repress his feelings, thought it a good time to take a recess, which was accordingly ordered.

The judge had prepared a written charge, which he read. It gave a full history of the Bell family, their arrival in this country, Stephens and his wife, her illness, &c., and then proceeded to analyze the testimony. The case was then given to the jury.

The jury was not out an extraordinary length of time, and returned with a verdict of "Guilty of Murder." At that period there was no "Murder in the Second Degree."

The homicides were "Murder" and four degrees of manslaughter. Mr. Waterbury immediately moved for sentence.

Mr. Ashmead rose and said:

"May it please your honor, there's a certain decency to be observed."

Judge Roosevelt—"The learned counsel need not speak. I shall not pass sentence now."

The day appointed for the sentence arrived. Stephens had nothing to say. "Why sentence should not be passed," Judge Roosevelt read a long introductory address, and pronounced sentence of death, concluding thus:

"And may the God of mercy, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and who knows the secrets of all hearts, grant you in the next world, that mercy which you cannot hope for in this."

Counsel Ashmead (after a few words in private with the prisoner) said:

"Your honor, the condemned man wishes to say a few words."

Judge Roosevelt—"He has had his opportunity."

The crowd soon dispersed, and Stephens' little daughter said, while tears ran down the cheeks of those who remained:

"Papa, let us go home now. See!—all the people are going. Come home!"

Then, wrote home to their brother, telling him the whole story, and asking him to come out. Her story in its essential (except with regard to the improper liberties he attempted), was corroborated by Fanny.

I omitted to state that Dr. Doremus read his testimony which he illustrated by diagrams. It evinced great skill and science, but counsel for the defense said:

"I hope you are not going to hang a man in order that science may triumph."

After little Bella said, in answer to Chauncey Shaffer, that her aunt told her what to say, I sought the woman out and questioned her. "They did not give the child fair play," said she. "We were talking of the sickness of Fanny, when the little one said: 'Oh, I remember Cousin Fanny got sick after she ate some cold cabbage.' He then questioned and got a very straightforward history from her. And I certainly say: 'Well, mind you tell the same story in court.'"

Mr. Waterbury moved that Stephens' sister and her daughter ought to be arrested for perjury, but the judge denied the motion.—O'D. REPORTER, in N. Y. Weekly.

STRIKING WOMEN.—One of the deepest convictions in the mind of an Arab is that any man is immeasurably superior to any woman. The rejoicing over the birth of a son is only equalled by the grief with which a daughter is received into the world. The unfortunate female infant is despised; but the heir to the desert freedom welcomed with demonstrations of joy which know no bounds. But where there is only a baby girl, she is nothing but a girl, anyhow. Her brothers will beat her and curse her; her father will abuse his wife for having a girl baby; and when she grows up, if she marries, she will be beaten by her husband, and have to drag out a slave's life, and know nothing more than the cattle or the donkeys. Boys are trained to abuse and oppress their sisters, and girls are taught that such treatment is the only kind they have a right to expect. The women carry the burdens, and part of their daily work is to bring water for the household needs.

It is all very well for a man to boast of his family and hold himself aloof because his grandfather was up in the world, but it is better to be reasonably modest about it, because some one may possibly remember that it was a rope which held him up.

Generous Ruskin.

Between thirty and thirty-five Ruskin met and was delighted with a very pretty and graceful young woman of social position and nice culture. I should say he had fallen in love with her, were he not of so peculiar a physical temperament. He admired her sufficiently to ask her to be his wife, and she, appreciating his gifts and scholarship, and flattered by the preference of so distinguished a man, accepted his offer. He questioned her, it is reported, as to the nature of her affection; expressed the hope that it was spiritual rather than emotional, mainly Platonic in character, as he confessed his own to be. As may be inferred, she answered in the affirmative, and doubtless believed very firmly every word she uttered. It would be strange, indeed, if any woman should imagine or allow herself to be less ethereal of sentiment than any man on the planet. With the mutual understanding that theirs was to be a union of minds, they were married. They seemed to get on pleasantly for a few months—at least it seemed so to the husband, who gave the painter a number of sittings, and the husband was so much concerned in the work that he sometimes watched its progress. Millais, as is well known, is handsome and winning—he was especially so when young, he is barely fifty now; and was drawn at once to the young and lovely wife of his friend, an attraction that seems to have been reciprocated. In plain parlance, Millais and Mrs. Ruskin fell head over heels, or heels over head if you like, in love with one another, without the least intent on their part. Ruskin himself is said to have perceived the fact, although the lovers had not been in the slightest indiscreet or conventional, or even to have intimated one to the other the conditions of their hearts. The author of *Modern Painters* is as generous as he is chivalrous, as gentle as he is ordinary, and would have done, if into a jealous rage, nor did he have a scent with his wife. He told her gently what he had perceived and assured her of his continued friendship and esteem; and of his earnest desire to promote her happiness at any price. She turned crimson at the words, as if they had been a revelation to her own soul, which in part they may have been. She could not believe that the heart was usually overruling—but very soon she acknowledged the truth, and the painter did likewise. The critic condemned himself for dullness in thinking a Platonic marriage natural or satisfactory, and announced his willingness, yea gladness, to assist the pair to a felicity they were obviously fitted for. Instead of putting any obstacle in the way, he would remove the only one to their love and happiness—himself—and he kept his word faithfully. Under the peculiar circumstances there was not much trouble in obtaining a divorce. The matter was managed privately, without any scandal, and in due time Mrs. Ruskin, who was, became Mrs. Millais who is. They have proved to be from all accounts a most harmonious couple, and they are as much to one another to-day as they were during the honeymoon. Moreover, Ruskin continues to be the warm friend of both, visiting them regularly and sharing in a reflected manner in their happiness—a fact which demonstrates the largeness and nobility of Ruskin's nature. Millais' famous picture—it has been engraved and is very common—"The Huguenot Lovers," is declared to be, as respects the young woman, almost a faithful portrait of the artist's wife, and the alleged fact has added not a little to its popularity.—London Letter.

Cosmetics.

Doctors, and chemists, and physiologists, all unite in saying that there is but one proper cosmetic—pure soap and water. Even scented soap is objectionable, unless the smell of an unhealthy skin is to be hidden. The *Medical Examiner* says: "Complexion is dependent on the quality and quantity of the blood in the skin, and the condition of the cells of the skin, through which the blood flows. The way to insure having proper quantity of healthy blood in the skin is to rise early, to be much in the open air, especially during the hours of sun light, to avoid over heated, artificially lighted, unventilated rooms, and to retire early to rest."

To keep the cells which protect the surface of the skin in a healthy state, all that is necessary is to wash the surface of the body with soap and water, only, or in the case of some delicate skins, which the alkali of most soaps irritates, with water alone.

Whoever will attend to these directions will do all that can be done to preserve, as all ought to try and preserve, their skins in the most healthy and therefore beautiful condition.

It cannot be too strongly asserted that no cosmetic, wash, enamel, powder, paste or lotion, can ever subvert the natural process of waste and repair, which is ever taking place in our bodies, and which is part of a general law observed throughout animate nature, that every cell has a limited period of existence, equally as have all bodies composed of such cells."

A PRACTICAL MALTHEUSIAN.—Patrick And, Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's too many of us in the world. Now, if me and you git the waste to make us two was, troth won't there be wan the less?—Fanny Folks.

A tramp applied to a lady for something to eat. "Why don't you go to work?" asked she. "There's nothing doing at my trade just now." "What is your business?" "Holding election tickets at the corners." He got a lemon pie.

The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own.—Sunday Afternoon.

If you are fishing for a good reputation you had better bait your hook with good deeds.

Leisure Hours.

In Muscatine, a few days since, one of the female school teachers died. She was buried yesterday afternoon, and two of the public schools were closed in order to attend the funeral. As we read the notice in the *Journal* we wondered if there were not some man in Muscatine, as there is everywhere else, who would find fault with this on the ground that the children are cheated out of half a day's education, and the teachers receive pay for half a day's work that they didn't perform. An extra respite from study is rarely given in our public schools without the fault-finding of somebody. And, singularly enough, the people who find the most fault are, generally, the people who have no children.

We believe in play time for the children. Of course the last farewell to one of their teachers, perhaps one who was very dear to them (for two schools were closed—that means something), is by no means play. But it suggests the value of frequent intermissions in the study of study. We all know that studying is hard work. Who knows it better than the poor little fellow bending over his book with the tears on his face, because his head hurts him and he can't understand his lesson? We all know that the strong man can wield the spade or the hammer all day long; but the little lad cannot. He needs frequent intervals of rest. It is so with the mind. Papa often works at while little Tom is fast asleep.

It is not contended that our children study too much, but that they study too steadily. Their working periods are too long. Teachers of great experience will bear witness that children—especially the younger class—learn more rapidly and accurately when they learn but little at a time. There is no mental economy in keeping a child's nose on the book all day.

There is a certain school which holds its sessions from nine to eleven, and from half-past eleven until two. In the matter of learning it is a perfect success. After the school is closed, the children have time to enjoy themselves by daylight. They do not, like too many others, go from the breakfast table to the school-house, and return to eat supper and go to bed. They have their recreation in the daylight, when nature intends them to be awake. Their hours of study are short and varied. Their bodily and mental health both are preserved. They enjoy their sports, and take interest in their books. They do not grow weary because their intervals of rest are so frequent. If they are not allowed to tire of their studies, they will progress constantly. Give them short work and plenty of breathing time. It will pay in the end.—Hawkeyes.

Picturesque Scenes in Atlanta.

On Monday you may see tall, straight negro girls marching through the street carrying enormous bundles of soiled clothes upon their heads; or a man with a great stack of home-made, untrimmed and scab-bottomed chairs, out from among the white legs and rungs of which his black visage peers curiously; or urchins under baskets of flowers poised like crows. Troops of little black boys, bare-footed, bare-headed, and ragged "to a degree," as a certain English novelist is fond of expressing it, go about carrying bags in which they gather up rags in a manner wholly different from the New York *chiffonniers*. At certain corners stand farmers in scant clothing of homespun, and the most bucolic of manners, waiting for some one to buy for a dollar, or even half a dollar, the little load of wood piled up on the center of a home-made wagon so diminutive that two men could walk away with the whole affair, while a third carried the mule and the pack on his back. Great fun, too, to go to the post-office after the arrival of the noon mails from the North. The office closes its windows, although it is in the middle of the day, and devotes itself to the task of distribution. Meanwhile, a crowd accumulates—mostly the rabble who get a letter about once in four weeks, but mixed up of all sorts—and amuse themselves by making remarks not always complimentary to the rule of the office, or stand patiently in line until the window opens. This delay in a post-office which supports the delivery system looks like a "relief," but everybody has time enough in Georgia.

On certain days you will hear the beating of triangles, and have your attention attracted to the red flag of the curb-stone auctioneer whose volubility will be heard above the din of traffic. These out-of-door auctions are always amusing, and the crowd of negroes, "poor whites," and loungers that they gather afford an interesting study to the lover of physiognomy. It is like a bit of the Bowery or Chatham Street turned out-of-doors; but the articles sold are more miscellaneous and wretched. You may buy worn-out stoves and tables, second-hand bacon, mucky croquet sets, rubber hose of one kind and cotton hose of quite another; canary birds, hat racks, baby carriages, old fruit jars, clothing, bath tubs, straw sun bonnets and hats, squirrel cages, carpets, books, bedclothes made "befon de wahn," sweet oil, saws, crockery, iron garden settees, ice-cream freezers, saddles, window-sashes—everything out of time and miserable, from a pair of snuffers to a horse and wagon alive and harnessed.—ERNEST INGBERSOLL, in Harper's Magazine.

"This is my plaything," say the children; "that sunny seat is mine." This is the beginning and exemplification of the selfishness and all the usurpation of the world.

The Emperor Sigismund said that a man had a right to destroy his enemies, and then added that the most effectual way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.

The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own.—Sunday Afternoon.

If you are fishing for a good reputation you had better bait your hook with good deeds.

Napoleon's Sisters.

The sisters of Napoleon were too valuable counters in his game to be allowed to give their hands where they liked. Elise, it is true, chose for herself before his period of omnipotence, and became the wife of young Baciocchi, a poor Corsican officer, who lived to share with her a throne which was scarcely wide enough for two. She was made Princess of Piombino and Lucca, and Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and left a family who afterward held positions at the court of Napoleon III. The life of Pauline, the second sister, if written as only herself or the recording angel might have done it, would probably have surpassed anything that the *Sieur De Brantome* has left for the wonder and the scandalized amusement of mankind. While she was yet little more than a child, her hand was disputed by Junot, uphoh, Freton, and Leclerc. She chose the last, and accompanied him to Santo Domingo, undeterred by pestilence and massacres, and after faithfully nursing him through his fatal illness, she brought his remains back to France for burial. She was then taken in hand by her brother, who needed to strengthen his interest in Rome, and married to Prince Camillo Borghese—a union unhappy from the wedding benediction. Perhaps she had loved Leclerc—she certainly adored her brother—but the rest of the world of men, with the exception of poor Borghese, seemed to her alike creatures of her conquest and her insatiable curiosity. She was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She posed to Canova for his "Venus Victrix," and the great sculptor was reported to have said that, with such models, statues could be made by journeyman. She had many virtues; she was amiable, generous, enlightened, and intelligent; she loved letters and art, and, as Duchess of Guastalla, kept a brilliant and popular court. The ablest politician of the three sisters, and the least personally interesting, was Caroline, who married Murat, and became successively Duchess of Cleves and Queen of Naples. She was splendidly educated, brave as a lioness in battle, and possessed of a singular administrative ability; but she was not a brother's sister—she was a fortune teller, and she married General MacDonald too soon after her husband's tragic death.—Harper's Magazine.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's; and she could fry griddle-cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run upstairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country, she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers, or crimping pins, or had it "bauged" over her forehead, and her flounces were no trouble to her. She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown-up women do nowadays.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every play-book she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's. And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her, and keep her, and raise up others like her.

Madame De Remusat's Reminiscences of Napoleon.

In the recently-published memoirs of Madame De Remusat some curious details are given of the social life of the Tuileries after the Bonapartes had taken possession of the palace. It made a singular impression upon this high-born lady—the swarms of uneducated and rough-riding soldiers, mingled with the few noblemen who, like Talleyrand, adhered to the new regime for the place and power it afforded them, and the crowds of pretty women with whom the First Consul loved to be surrounded. Something of this incongruity seems to have struck Napoleon himself. He liked fine dresses for his court and his officers, but was best pleased when he himself was dressed shabbily.

He said, one day of ceremony, to Madame De Remusat: "The right to be simply dressed does not belong to everybody." At another time, while his marshals were squabbling for precedence, he said, "It is very convenient to govern Freemen by vanity." He seemed, then, as always, to regard himself as a man apart, not subject to the laws which governed the rest of the human race.

After the death of his nephew and presumptive heir, the son of King Louis of Holland, when Talleyrand proposed he should show some signs of mourning, he said, abruptly, "I do not amuse myself by thinking about the dead."

In reply to some remonstrance from his wife about his too open immoralities, he said, with perfect calmness, "I need distractions. I am not a man like other men, for whom laws are made."—Harper's Magazine.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.—Bishop Hall.

Our nets make or mar us—we are the children of our own deeds.

Velvet cloaks will again be worn.

Charming Birds.

We learn from a correspondent that there resides in the vicinity of Harrisburg, an out-of-the-way place in Hancock county, about three miles west of Mount Blanchard, a very remarkable child, only five years old, who seems to have the power to charm birds at will. Her mother first noticed this strange fascination that the child possesses about a year ago. The little girl was out playing in the dooryard among a bevy of snow-birds, and when she would speak to them they would come and light upon her, twittering with the utmost glee. On taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds, instead of trying to get away from their fair captives, seemed to be highly pleased, and when let loose would fly away a short distance and immediately return to the child again. She then took several of them into the house to show her mother, who, thinking she might hurt them, took the birds and put them out-doors, but no sooner was the door opened, than the birds flew into the room and lit upon the girl's head and began to chirp. The birds remained about the premises all winter, flying to the little girl whenever the door was opened. The parents of this remarkable child became alarmed, believing that this strange power was an ill omen, and that much-dreaded visitor, death, was about to visit their home. But death did not come, and during last summer the child had numerous pets from the birds. The child handles the birds so gently that a humming bird, once in her hand, does not fall to the ground.

This winter a bevy of birds have kept her company, and she plays with them for hours at a time. Every morning the birds fly to her window and leave only when the sun sinks in the west.

There is nothing peculiar about the child's personal appearance except her wonderful magnetic eyes, which sparkle like diamonds. The parents of this little girl are poor, superstitious people, and have been reticent about the matter until lately, fearing that some great calamity was about to befall them.

Blunt Men.

"You'll like him if you can get along with him," said Digby, speaking of the man whom he had thought of hiring for a clerkship. "If you can put up with his rough ways." He is a plain, blunt man—perhaps too blunt—but he means well.

We tried Mr. Blunt, and we had enough of him; and since that time we have had but one opinion of so-called blunt men—we mean your men who blurt out their thoughts without regard to time or place. The Lord deliver us from them! We want none of them. They may speak the truth, but they produce only evil. Having no sensibility of their own, they care not for it in others. Electricity is vivifying and life-supporting, without it, in our bleak December, we should shiver and die, but when it comes with a thunderbolt, it is death. Heat is generous and glorious; but we don't want a bar of red-hot iron dropped upon our head. The rain, when it comes in gentle drops, is gladness and refreshing; but the tempest we do not covet.

And so in the intercourse of life, we need to have our faults pointed out, and our errors exposed; but it can be done in Christian kindness and sympathy, the story of our sin can be told with tenderness and good-will, and the chiding can be administered without harshness. We don't want sledge-hammer admonition, nor do we like that our dream of peace is mistaken though it be—should be broken by an icy shower-bath. In short, we don't like these coarse-grained, blunt men.

A Votary on His Travels.

The tools of the superstitious to win religious merit show a faith and patience worth of a better cause. The (East) Indian Pioneer gives an example in the following incident, given on the recent return of some British officers from Afghanistan:

Scene—the wildest part of the Khyber, with barren rocks towering on all sides; an English officer riding along, escorted by a motley company of Maliks and tribesmen all armed to the teeth; more armed Afghans in the middle distance; a weary, lonely figure, toiling on the dusty road in huge black boots, face buried in a brick-red and fringed by a scanty, sandy beard. The figure is clad in a thick wadded garment, and has a bundle on his back.

"Halt! Who are you?"

"A Turkistani."

"Where are your comrades?"

"I am alone."

"Where are you going?"

"To Mecca."

"How will you get there?"

"God will help."

"Peace be with you."

"And with you."

The figure moves off, and the armed circle breaks up. This poor devotee had tramped hundreds of miles through hills and valleys, swarming with out-throats, secure in his simple faith which had led him to leave distant Turkistan in quest of the still more distant Mecca.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.—If you would have any friends at all, don't set yourself up for a critic. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, do not put your feelings into words. If any one's manners do not please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, the dress of one, and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappy place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you; and if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take the pains to suit you.

DRIP CAKES.—One cup of butter, two of granulated sugar, one of milk, four of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flavor with vanilla. Drop in the time by spoonfuls.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Coming events always cast a certain kind of dread before them. The moment previous to the lion's coming out of his den is a more nervous time than after he comes out, and stands fully confessed.

The great majority of mankind can guess at things clearer than they can get at them by any other way. There is considerable originality floating around, but a class examination of it proves that it ain't truth at the very best; it only seems to be a novel jest.

We lay the most what we can protect; our wives and children are notable instances of this.

My dear child, don't pool around a lie; if you escape without getting hurt you ain't got nothing to brag about. There is a time in the history of all writers when they think they are poets and can write poetry, the wise ones soon let go of this delusion, but many a fool is hanging onto it still.

I have but little faith in the honesty of any executive. I never have seen one yet that was remarkable enough to be noticed but what had been cultivated.

Altho' anything may look gloomy at the start, don't let us forget that it is allways the last six inches that wins the race.

I do all my writing where the surroundings are the most forbidding—in a garret or barn, for instance—to go out where nature is reveling in all her grandeur and buty, and set down coolly and undertake to write would be an impossibility for me, a scribe.

I have been accused of sometimes repeating myself. This probably is true, but if the things are worthy, or it, I ain't sorry much.

My philosophy teaches me to take things just as they come, and not try to hang onto them when they get ready to go.

I spent the first 20 years of my life in dreams and vagrancy; the second 20 I devoted to making money and a reputation, and missed both; the third 20 I have given to moral speculations, the result of which is simply this: I can prove a great deal more now by my faith than I can by my reason.

After I have gazed at a magnificent monument in some cemetery for a reasonable length of time, I am so filled with ennui to ask myself this question: "I wonder how much this cost?"

If you expect to be remembered after you are dead, you have got to remember others while you are living.

Golden Business Rules.

1. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility that you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.
2. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.
3. Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.
4. Never make money at the expense of your reputation.
5. Be neither lavish nor niggardly. Of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping-stone to preferment; therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.
6. Say but little; think much, and do more.
7. Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.
8. Avoid borrowing and lending.
9. Wine drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits; they impair the health and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.
10. Never relate your misfortune, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.
11. Cultivate promptness in deciding upon matters that come before you; there are few objects more disagreeable and vexatious than an undecided, vacillating man. Consider thoughtfully, but decide promptly.
12. Never break business engagements of any kind, if it is possible to meet it. Let nothing cause you to become careless of business etiquette, integrity and promptitude.
13. Let truth and an unwavering faith in God underlie all your motives and actions.

"Be a Good Man, Papa."

A poet, many years ago, wrote that a babe in the house is a wellspring of pleasure. The influence of a dear little child over the heart of a father, it is impossible to estimate. The editor of *The Christian* expresses it in the following incident: Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him, "Be a good boy." He somewhat surprised us by replying, "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough, we thought, we need the exhortation more than he. And who could give it more effectively than this guileless prattler? The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we wrote letters or editorials, pacified an irate correspondent whose effusions we could not publish, or pruned down a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear the sweet child-voice saying, "Be a good man, papa." If the exhortation had been by Paul or Peter, would it have had more force than coming from this little apostle of innocence? We think not, at least to our heart. Oh! how many little children, if not in words, yet by the helpfulness of their lives, and the truthfulness of their little hearts, are pleading most eloquently, "Papa, be a good man!" May their tender admonition be blessed of God to the rescuing of many precious souls from the wreck and ruin of sinful lives.

OAT MEAL.—To each cup of coarse oat-meal have four of cold water, and one teaspoon of salt; put this in an earthen saucepan and let it simmer slowly for an hour; stir it often, as it burns very easily. Should an early breakfast be required, this can be cooked the day before and warmed again, as it can not be cooked quickly.

Intelligence Items.

The legal tender notes outstanding on December 1st, amounted to \$346,681,016.

The internal revenue for the current fiscal year is estimated at \$115,000,000, being an increase of \$2,000,000.

Potassium salts have been used for some time in Austria as a manure, and have yielded, so far, better results than any other artificial manures.

The Gladstone boom has begun in Scotland. The election for Mid-Lothian will be the most notable political event of the day in Great Britain.

Kosuth lately signed an agreement with a publishing company at Pesth to issue all his essays, memoirs and letters since 1859 supposed to be of general interest.

The law of Congress reducing the tax upon tobacco and snuff resulted in a loss of \$7,000,000 to the revenue last year without the consumers deriving one cent advantage. This was the net gain to the trade.

Only three thousand women registered for voting in Boston for school officers, notwithstanding the fact that the law forbids the smoking of tobacco by the men at the polls during the forenoon of the day of election.

Ten years ago the United States imported more than \$500,000 worth of stationery, and exported only about \$4,000 worth. During the past year stationery imports have footed up only to the value of \$125,000 while stationery exports have exceeded \$1,200,000 in value.

The Boston Police Commissioners, in whom is vested the power of licensing shows in that city, have decided to permit no performance by children. The case at issue was that of a juvenile "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. A Massachusetts statute authorizes such a prohibition.

A curious experiment was made with cats recently in Luttich, Germany. Thirty-seven of them were put into bags and taken several miles into the country, where they were released. Within three hours the first cat had found its way home, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed, every one of the others had returned.

Seventy-four pupils are educated at the San Antonio Normal School at Huntsville, Texas, free of charge, to become teachers in the public schools. The Legislature has appropriated \$14,000 of the school fund for this purpose, and the Peabody fund gave \$6,000 more, making \$20,000 a year for the great and beneficent work.

The increase of twenty per cent in the mail matter handled on the postal cars during the last fiscal year, shows forcibly the growth of the country. The large increase in the registration of packages is also gratifying, since it must proceed chiefly from commercial traffic between the large cities and the interior.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Fashion Sprays.

The new head trimmings cost \$10 and \$15 a year. The hair is dressed in a Breton lace cuffs are worn with close coat sleeves.

One of the newest brown shades is the color of mahogany.

Tulips and lotus flowers are used for trimming evening toilets.

Plaid silk and woolen goods are used for trimming plain materials.

Tortoise shell and coral can be imitated perfectly in celluloid for combs or jewelry.

A woman's dress ought to give a certain clue to her individual taste and character.

Shirred waists are much worn, and shirring is used in the belts and sleeves of blouse waists.

Gold filigree rings in very pretty patterns are used to fasten the wide bonnet strings of soft silk.

Broad, soft Scotch ribbons in basket plaids are much used as artistic coils for lining felt bonnets.

New lingerie is of colored percale, lined with white and embroidered in colors matching the colors in the percale.

A new trimming velvet is of tan color, with irregular spots of dark brown in it, and is appropriately called tiger velvet.

Handkerchiefs are much worn at the neck; they are of palm-leaf design, in rich Persian colors, and are tied in sailor knots.

Crochet lace in shaded wool is used to border embroidered dresses. It is also used as edge for house socks and flannel skirts.

The leaves of the sumacs, in their autumn tints of claret, crimson and gold, are fine material for bouquets or wall adornment.

Eugenie, the French milliner, has engaged a Japanese workman, who makes wonderful bands and crowns of feathers and flowers.

Some of the New York shopkeepers advertise an opening of an "exposition." One of them has had a "pageantry of head-gear" fiery for sale.

Damask materials are in favor as a foundation for embroidery. The design of the damask is simply carried out in the silk, and the work is very easy.

Fringes are not to be discarded this winter. On the contrary, the richest varieties are to be employed, in combination with satin, for the garniture of a skirt.

With pink and white costumes black is much used with the accessories; as, for instance, a black fan, black mitts and black velvet sash may be used with these dresses.

The new styles in jewelry all show a prevailing love for the antique, and pins, ear-rings, bracelets and necklaces are copied from the old Greek and Roman models.

Bracelets are worn of point douché and other fine real laces. A band of lace encircles the arm, with a simulated clasp in a double French bow, a butterfly or a blossom.

English women give large pieces of worsted work out to their friends to do as remembrances for them. They then collect them together and make into rugs and carpets.

At the Expense of Others.

The shirk thrives upon the industry of his fellows. When any particularly unpleasant task is to be accomplished the shirk is very busy about things that are necessary to be done, to be sure, but not virtually essential to the issue in hand. The feminine shirk will occupy herself with arranging the parlor, with dusting the dining room, with pruning the house plants, with "tidying" up the kitchen, while her "esteemed cotemporary" plunges into the thickest of the work, washes the dishes, scrubs the floor, trims the lamps, blackens the stove, and performs the drudgery that nobody likes to perform but which somebody must do. The feminine shirk has perhaps a "weak back" or a "delicate stomach" or a "sensitive nature," or an unconquerable aversion to certain things; she must sleep late in the morning, and therefore somebody else must get the breakfast; she cannot be round on her feet longer than just such a time; and so her self-sacrificing mother and sister fill the gap, and bear the burden which she so consciously shifts to their shoulders. The domestic masculine shirk contrives a way to be absent just when unpleasant tasks must be done, or he sits quietly at his ease and utterly ignores them. But he can always tell just how a thing should be done, and point out improvements in the methods of others. When the masculine shirk happens to be the head of the family, we betide his unfortunate wife. Either she must make up his deficiencies or let them entail wretchedness and suffering upon the whole family. If she can make them up she is the chief sufferer, and becomes the early victim of overwork and excessive care. The essential nature of every shirk, masculine and feminine, domestic, social or civil, is unmitigated selfishness. This should not be encouraged if justice is to be done. The mother who permits her daughters to array themselves in fine clothes and sit in the parlor at fancy work while she drudges in the kitchen does them no less than herself an irreparable injury, and the daughters who permit themselves such indulgence are utterly incapable of making good wives and mothers, and of this let all young men take note.

Diving for Amber.

The labor required is of the severest kind. The costume of the diver is as follows: A woolen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an India rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving-dress, and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet also is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders, is a small air-chest, made of sheet-iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump in the boat above by an India-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another India-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth; the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on to the person of the divers, a rope tied to his waist, and half a hundred of lead attached to his feet, shouldered, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there—maybe for five hours at a time—hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labor, streaming with perspiration. The overcoat stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breath five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance. The diving boats are manned by eight men each—two divers, two pairs of men who work the air-pump, alternately, with their eyes fixed on a dial-plate, by which the supply of air is nicely regulated; one man to hold the safety rope attached round the diver's body and haul him up at the slightest sign from below, and the overseer.

COAL OIL.—The remark has often been made, lately, that coal oil is getting to be very poor in quality. And since last winter there has been a noticeable deterioration in our illuminating agent—kerosene. The illuminating power seems to be only about one-half what it was when first introduced. The charred wick and debris at the burning surface on the wick shows plainly that it has lost its former brilliancy and illuminating power. Among consumers the cause is laid to adulteration. But refiners of the oil tell us that the illuminating power of refined oil decreases almost directly with its gravity and increase of fire-test. Benzine and the lighter members of petroleum, make the brightest and most beautiful light. Benzine and the lighter products are so brilliant, that the temptation to use them in some form is constantly presented. The safety of all oil is increased by age. Left standing undisturbed, the lighter parts pass gradually off; the oil will then burn with a dull light. It should, therefore, be well understood that safety means a poor burning oil and a dull light. It is a question simply between safety to the consumer and the brilliancy of the light.

FRENCH JUMBLES.—One pound sugar, one-half pound butter, five eggs, flour enough to mix so as to roll out nicely; flavor with two tablespoons vanilla; before rolling the dough sprinkle the board with powdered sugar; roll very thin and out with a biscuit-cutter.

A DAY, RASPING COUGH irritates and endangers the lungs, and greatly debilitates and annoys the patient. Dr. Jayne's expectorant removes constriction of the bronchial tubes, promotes easy expectoration, heats all inflamed parts, and brings about a speedy cure of the most stubborn Cough or Cold.

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At five years of age, a horse has 40 teeth. These are 24 molar or jaw teeth, 12 incisor or front teeth, and 4 tusks or canine teeth. USE GILHAM'S GREEN HOOF AND HEALING OINTMENT.

between the molars and incisors, usually wanting in the mare. At birth, only the 2 incisors or tusks appear. At a year old, the incisors are all visible on the

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first or milk set. Before 3 years, the permanent teeth have come through. At 4 years old, the permanent dividers, next to the nippers, are out. At 5 the mouth is

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perfect, the second set of teeth having been completed. At 6, the hollow under the nippers, called the mark, has disappeared from the nippers, and diminished in the di-

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viders. At 7, the mark has disappeared from the dividers; the next teeth, or corners, are level, though showing no mark. At eight the mark has disappeared from

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the corners, and the horse is said to be aged.

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Chapter III.—FRUIT TREES AND SMALL FRUITS.—California's Leading Industry.—Orchards: Where to Plant Them.—Treatment of Fruit Trees.—A List of Fifty Trees for a Family Orchard.—Leading California Fruit and Small Fruits.—Their Culture, the Best Kind Known.

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even manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detergent qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetic of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and beautiful skin.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN JOSE, September 21, 1879.

To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities.

A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

'The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL., DEC. 20, 1879

The Democrats and Republicans of Maine are having a lively time accusing each other of fraud. The Democrats claim that the Republicans carried the late election by bribery and corruption, and so have taken advantage of a Republican precedent and counted out enough of the latter to leave the Legislature Democratic. The Democrats call this a downright swindle, and we are inclined to the opinion that one party is as deep in the mud as the other is in the mire. It is a case of pot vs. kettle.

Denis Kearney has gone east. Some admirer who has more money than brains loaned him \$400 with which to make the round trip, and the poor deluded fellows of the sand-lot have arranged for an entertainment, the proceeds to go to paying this indebtedness. Kearney has likely gone to Washington to see which of the two great parties it will be more profitable for him to train with next year. If the Democrats don't give him the snubbing he deserves, they will not display good sense. If any one thing will give California to the Republicans in 1880, the union of the Democrats with Kearney's ignorant following will accomplish that result.

The recent drift of the tide in New Jersey and Connecticut has been toward the Republicans, the New York Sun alleges, but it will be perceived that New York and Indiana cast 50 votes, and if the Democratic candidate can add these to the 138 Southern votes, he will have 188, which is three more than a majority. But it will be seen also that Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut cast only 28 votes which is 19 short of the number which the Democratic candidate must have from the North in order to succeed. Therefore it is that the Democrats cannot get along without the vote of New York. The case is just as clear with the Republicans. The whole number of Electoral votes in the North is 231. Take away the 50 votes of New York and Indiana, and the remainder is 181, which is four short of a majority.

Grant snubbed St. Louis, Denis Kearney and John McDonald, the latter of "whisky ring" notoriety. McDonald with imperturbable pertinacity approached Grant at his reception in Chicago, and offered to shake hands. Grant, with that stoical indifference which he is capable of manifesting, informed him that he didn't know him. He knew him in the days of yore well enough to appoint him to a Federal office, which trust McDonald betrayed by becoming corrupt, and bringing the national administration into disrepute. Now Grant doesn't know him. Maybe it is because St. Louis was the home of Billy McKee, Joyce et al. that Grant did not visit the great western metropolis. Poor St. Louis, smoke begrimed and ambitious! She fully realizes that evil associations are detrimental to good character. Even Grant was afraid of the polluting influence of the atmosphere. —Ex.

The California Congressional Delegation have had several conferences with Superintendent Walker at Washington in regard to the best manner of dividing California into the three Census Districts allotted to this State, and it is agreed that the division shall be substantially as follows: San Francisco and all the Southern Coast Counties are to form one district the remainder of Pacheco's Congressional District, and nearly all of Page's, will form another, and Berry's District, with a few high counties, in convenient juxtaposition, will constitute the third. The selection of three census Supervisors for California remains yet to be determined. The positions pay only \$500 each, and involve much labor and responsibility. On account, however, of their patronage and political influence, they are much sought after.

The San Francisco Chronicle the other day contained a long article showing the bays are being filled up by the washings from the hydraulic mines. In conclusion it says: Captain Eads, who built the famous Mississippi River jetty, is on his way to this city, and will endeavor to discover a means of averting the threatened evil.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

"Answering the demand of a universal Republican sentiment, the State Central Committee has asked the removal of Mr. Geo. C. Gorham from the Secretaryship of the National Committee. This is not a petition respectfully submitted, but it is a demand peremptorily made. We say this to the National Committee: If you retain this traitor in your councils, California will not cast its electoral vote for any Republican candidate. Just try it!" —[Pixley in Argonaut.

Now that the Republican National Committee has met and elected its officers, and as Mr. Geo. C. Gorham is not only in full fellowship, but was thought enough of to be allowed to place in nomination the man who was elected Chairman, what is Mr. Pixley going to do about it? If he will only keep the promise so emphatically made in the above extract, we will guarantee to return him the thanks of the entire Democratic party of California. But we are of the opinion that he will practice the contortion business, and wriggle out of the fix in some manner. He will discover some way to give black-and-tan a sugar coating, and then swallow him whole.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Herald reports this: If the Bill to retire General Grant as Captain-General of the Army is brought up in Congress it will meet with opposition from some of Grant's friends, who will insist that he be retired as ex-President, and that no new office be created. The objection urged to this is that if he is retired in that way it might prove a dangerous innovation, and other Presidents might claim the same treatment, more especially if they happened to be poor. It is said that General Sherman is friendly to the latter plan. Then there are those of Grant's friends who say that he will scorn to be pensioned either as Captain-General or as ex-President while he still retains the full possession of his mental faculties, health and strength. A Republican friend of General Grant, but withal a staunch supporter of Secretary Sherman's Presidential claims said to day, "what a gracious thing it would be for the Republican party to retire General Grant as President! Either that or put him back where he was when the Republican party found him."

New Currency Bill.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—The House Banking Currency Committee has decided to substitute Price's bill for Judge Buckner's bill, requiring one-half of the National Bank reserve to be kept in coin. The bill will be reported after the holiday recess. The text of the substitute is as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., that the National Bank Act be and is hereby so amended as to require every banking association to keep in gold or silver coins of the United States one-half of the reserve fund now required by law.

Section 2. Any banking association failing to comply with the requirements of the first section of this Act shall not be allowed to increase its liabilities by making any new loans or discounts otherwise than by discounting or purchasing bills or exchange payable at sight, nor make any dividend of its profits until the required proportion of coin has been restored; and the Comptroller of the currency may notify any association where the lawful money reserve should be below the amount and proportion of coin as above required to be kept on hand, to make good such reserve, and if such association shall fail for 30 days thereafter to make good its reserve of lawful money in the proportion aforesaid, the Comptroller may, with the concurrence of the Secretary of the Treasury, appoint a Receiver to wind up the business of such association, as provided in Section 5324.

Section 3. All Acts and parts of Acts in conflict with this Act are hereby repealed.

The agent of ex-Governor Stanford, H. R. Covey, is now in Kentucky selecting a couple of car-loads of thoroughbred mares to add to the Palo Alto stud. This will make nearly as many blood-mares on that stock farm as any one person owns in the United States—at least four times as many as are kept on any of the trotting stud-farms of Kentucky. Governor Stanford is so highly pleased with colts from the thoroughbred mares and his trotting stallions, that he is still firmer in his belief in the efficacy of the blood, and expresses his determination to give the system a still more thorough trial. —[Ca

Senator Booth has introduced a bill providing that where settlers enter upon lands supposed to be public, and subsequently fail to acquire titles, the fees and commissions they have paid in good faith shall be refunded to them. Such a law would be in the interest of simple justice and fair dealing. Why should the Government retain the money of poor men when nothing is given in return? The same bill passed both Houses last winter, but, strange to state, failed to receive the President's signature. It should be the duty of the national land agents to know, so far as possible, precisely what tracts can be acquired by the general public. Much loss and litigation would thus be avoided. Too many of them are not sufficiently in sympathy with actual settlers. —[Chronicle.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY GROCERIES

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HOLIDAY TRADE

Will be found at

C. B. CULVER'S,

General Dealer in

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Wood and Willow Ware, Etc.

OUR LINE OF

Teas and Coffees

Are Unsurpassed.

We respectfully solicit a share of patronage, guaranteeing entire satisfaction in all transactions.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

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Excelsior Block, Woodland.

CAZAR BAKING POWDER

The PUREST, HEALTHIEST, STRONGEST and BEST BAKING POWDER in the World. We solicit an unqualified comparison with ANY other kind. GUARANTEED FREE FROM ALUM OR ANYTHING UNHEALTHFUL and WARRANTED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION. Ask your Grocer for CAZAR BAKING POWDER and take NO OTHER KIND. AS THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST. Manufactured by STERIL & EMERY, New Haven, Conn.

CATHOLIC LECTURE!

REV. FATHER J. A. ROONEY

Will deliver a Public Lecture at the Catholic Church, Woodland, on

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 23d, '79,

Commencing at 7 o'clock.

SUBJECT:—"Does God Rule the World?"

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS.

AT THE EUROPEAN BAZAR.

Opposite the Postoffice.

MRS. P. HAFNY.

Will return in a few days from San Francisco, where she has gone to receive a large stock of Holiday Goods which have just arrived from Europe. This stock consists of

TOYS OF ALL KINDS, NUTS AND CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Give her a call before Christmas.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON

IMPORT DRUGS AND MEDICINES DIRECT FROM NEW YORK AND SELL AT EASTERN PRICES. THEY HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK IN YOLO CO. ONE DOOR WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE, WOODLAND CAL.

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AT A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

WOODLAND.

We are selling Goods cheaper than any other house in the County in order to make room for a large consignment of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

To arrive within two weeks. Now is the time to buy your Goods Cheap. No humbug either. Call at

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

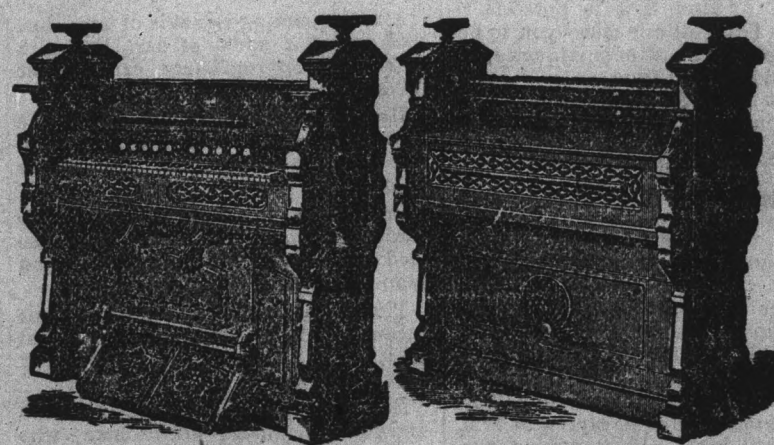
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ATLANTIC COAL OIL

Is Absolutely Safe and Water White. For sale, wholesale and retail, at Lowest Market Rates, by

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Our new Organ, expressly designed for Sunday Schools, Chapels, etc., is proving a

GREAT SUCCESS.

Be sure to send for full descriptive Catalogue before purchasing any other. THE LARGEST WORKS (OF THE KIND) ON THE GLOBE. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

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MRS. FITZGER LD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

ish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

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THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland

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WOODLAND STANDARD.
Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

To-morrow will be the shortest day in the year.
"Among the Breakers"—opening of the new theatre to-night.

Some of that fine old Peach and Apple Brandy at Elston's Drug Store.

Mrs. Mirasole's soiree which took place on Wednesday evening last, was well attended.

Quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church Sunday, Rev. George Clifford will conduct the Services. All are invited.

Notice the new ad. of C. B. Oliver in to-day's issue. He has received a large stock of groceries especially for the holidays.

The Suisun Glee Club is rehearsing the cantata of "Ruth," which they propose to present to the people of that town in the near future.

The rainfall of the late storm was 1.93 inches—making a total of 5.70 for the season according to the pluviometer at Elston's Drug Store.

The gale of Friday morning knocked Peek's windmill into a cocked-lid. That mill has been a source of considerable expense to Mr. Peek.

Judge Frost has sold his brick building on Main street, next door to the Express Office to Jos. Craig Esq. who will use the lower floor as a law office.

A fine line of Diaries for 1880, at Elston's Drug Store.

The southeaster which prevailed all day yesterday was one of the strongest gales ever experienced in this locality, and caused a good deal of damage to trees, signs, etc.

The first lot of pipe for the new water works arrived in Woodland this week. It is for the cross streets and is 6 inches in diameter. The entire lot is expected to arrive by the first of January.

Our entire edition of the STANDARD of Saturday last was exhausted by Monday morning. We have printed several extra copies this week which can be had in wrappers for mailing at the low price of 10 cents each.

Coughs and Tar, for Coughs and Colds, at Elston's Drug Store.

Divine services in Washington Hall Sunday morning and evening by Rev. D. F. Howell, Pastor. Subject at 11 A. M., "Parable of the Sower," at 7 P. M., "Parable of the Rich Fool." Business meeting of the church at 12 M.

Mr. S. A. Howard had his leg fractured on Monday last, by a horse he was riding falling on him. The bones below the knee were both broken and the fracture is a painful one. Drs. Ross and Paramore set the limb and the patient is doing well.

Prof. Grant delivered a highly interesting lecture on Chemistry at the Christian Church on Thursday evening of this week. He took Combustion as the subject of his lecture, and delighted and entertained his audience for over an hour, introducing several very interesting experiments. Despite the inclement weather, the lecture was quite well attended.

"Pine Tree Tar Troches," for all affections of the Throat, at Elston's Drug Store.

A Musical and Literary entertainment will be given at Washington Hall on Monday evening next, by the teachers and students of Heppner College for the purpose of raising the necessary amount to enable them to have a lithographic view of the college placed in the forthcoming History of Yolo County. Admission 50 cents, and every person purchasing a ticket will be presented with a view.

P. O. Fenner has traded his celebrated mare "Kitty Ann" for a promising young colt. Under Mr. Fenner's training "Kitty Ann" had acquired almost as much knowledge as a human being, and as she was fast, he was always admitted into the consultations of the Jockey Club, but he will be denied admission to these meetings henceforth unless the colt develops a high rate of speed. As the Shotgun Club will not admit him he is rather lonesome—having no company but the capitalists.

On Wednesday morning last Mr. Thos. Jeans accidentally cut his wrist with an ax while sharpening stakes. He was immediately taken to the drug store of Whittemore & Higginson, where Dr. Jackson staunches the flow of blood and dressed the wound. Although none of the arteries were cut, the loss of blood was so great before he reached the drug-store, as to make him very faint and confine him to his bed all day. He is now all right again however.

DEATH OF JOHN WEBBER.—Mr. John Webber died at his residence in Woodland yesterday morning, after an illness of several days. The cause of his death was acute pericarditis, a disease of the heart. Mr. Webber was well known in this community where he has resided for many years, and leaves a wife, one son and a host of friends to mourn his loss. His funeral will take place from his late residence to-day at 1 o'clock.

For the benefit of those who are mathematically inclined we have been requested to publish the following: A and B buy a watermelon for 8 cents—A furnishing 5 cents of the purchase money, and B 3 cents. C comes along and gives them 8 cents to allow him the privilege of eating a share of the melon. How will A and B divide the money equitably, supposing each to eat one-third of the melon,

That Criticism.

Last Saturday's issue of the STANDARD caused quite a breeze in this community, and the only way we can account for it is that the people of the 17th century are so unaccustomed to hearing the truth, that the publishing of a little of it excites them to an extraordinary high point. The article by our correspondent "X" was nothing more nor less than a good natured satire, and the making of anything else of it was unnecessarily straining a point. A correspondent of the Democrat undertakes to demolish him, but how near he has come to it, will be seen from the reply of "X" in to-day's issue. But that is not our fight. Our own actions are what we proposed to defend. We could have devoted several columns to a report of the Festival, said it was a grand success, both financially and musically, that the choruses were better rendered than ever before in the State of California or elsewhere, that the solo singers were the best ever heard on the coast, and that the Italian songs were listened to with great pleasure and approbation by the entire audience, and that taken as a whole the Festival was a grand success in every sense of the word. Now, such a criticism would no doubt receive the approval of those who condemned what we really did say, but it would have been a "splendid lie" nevertheless. We aimed to make an honest criticism, and we are still inclined to the opinion that we hit the mark. We said that the choruses were not as well rendered as they were by the Handel and Haydn Society two years ago, and the best musical talent in Woodland agrees with us. We said the solo singers all did well—barring the Italian, and we are still inclined to the same opinion. We complimented the Orchestra and Band, and we would do so again. We said that taken as a whole we could not conscientiously call it a success, and of a large number of people—both participants and spectators—whom we have talked with on the subject, a great majority are of the same opinion. We did not cast any insinuation on any one person, and are sorry that some, thinking the shoe was intended for them, were in such a hurry to put it on. It has been reported by a few persons who imagine that their influence is powerful and great, that we will lose a large amount of patronage on account of the course we have taken in this matter. In the first place a "large amount of patronage" is something which we have never enjoyed, and if we lose what little we have, we will retire with our politest bow and yield up the ghost, conscious that we are dying in a good cause—that of having the courage to speak our honest convictions. If there is anything we despise it is toadyism, and we do not propose to indulge in it to any extent whatever. Our criticism was made without malice toward anyone, the Yolo Mail to the contrary notwithstanding. It was an expression of our honest opinion, and as such we propose to stand by it though every subscriber should order his name cancelled from our list. Truth-telling never resulted in actual and permanent injury to any one yet, and we don't believe it ever will.

Perfumery and Toilet Articles for the Holidays at Whittemore & Higginson's.

Theatre.

To-night the Knight's Landing Amateur Club will put the drama "Among the Breakers" on the boards at Central Hall. This troupe have performed in Woodland several times, and their performances have always been meritorious. In the troupe are several members who have considerable histrionic talent, and as they never attempt a play that is above their ability, they have made a decided success. This will be the first performance in Central Hall since that building has been refitted by the lessee, Mr. W. B. Treadwell, and although the new scenery is not all in place, it presents a splendid appearance, and is a neat and cosy theatre. We hope our Landing friends will be greeted with a full house, as they are deserving of patronage. Admission 50 cents.

A large and elegant stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Spectacles, Eye-glasses, etc., just received at J. A. Barclay's Jewelry Store, Main street, Woodland.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Our Town Trustees are having a large amount of necessary work done at the present time. Main street is being graded, and North and Court streets are being graded, which is a great improvement to the north part of town. If Railroad street can be opened and graded, Woodland will begin to assume an appearance of improvement that will be of great benefit to our citizens. In conversation with a citizen the other day, he said that the town was gradually improving; that he had noticed that there were not as many dead cats, old boots, tin cans, etc., lying in the back streets as there were last year at this time; that our town was looking better and cleaner. This speaks well for the Trustees, and though they may do some things of which all may not approve, the majority of the citizens are not disposed to find fault with their administration.

WOODLAND, Dec. 19th.

My DEAR "Z"—I did intend to reply to some of your questions, but since reading the communication of "X" in to-day's STANDARD, I have come to the conclusion that there is no use wasting time on a corpse. Affectionately thine,
PROTOTYPE.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Celluloid Goods, Handsome Perfume Cases, Toilet Sets, also a choice line of miscellaneous Books, Autograph and Photograph Albums, and Russia leather goods at Elston's Drug Store.

BORN.

Four miles west of Cacheville, Thursday, Dec. 18, to the wife of Rudolph Kals, a daughter—weight 14 pounds.

"X" Replies to "Z."

EDITOR STANDARD:—I did not intend consuming any more of your space, but as some aggrieved individual signing himself "Z," in an article in the Democrat of the 17th inst. has in a manner demanded an explanation of me, I beg leave to trespass a little further upon you and the public. In the article referred to this "Z" seems "inclined to the opinion that the only thing in which "X" shows his good sense is in the fact that he condescended to loosen his purse strings, &c." Why my dear "Z," I consider that the only thing in which I did not display my good sense, and while in this connection permit me to compliment you by saying that the only thing in which you have shown your good sense is in—in nothing.

You "approve of criticism when it comes from a spirit of emulation &c." (my dear fellow I don't think you know what that means) "but when it comes actuated by envy, &c." you hold its author in contempt. From reading your article I should imagine you were all contempt; that there is nothing about you but what is contemptible. Why, you infinitesimal apex of a fly speck, every thing connected with you is on so small a pattern as to be noticeable microscopically only. You are incapable of any kind of sentiment as a mummified mosquito. The absurdity then of your parading your contempt or any thing else that pertains to you through the columns of a newspaper. The idea of going into a newspaper and then turning around and asking the meaning of the phrases "genius flashing from every stroke of the baton," &c., and "classical back." If it would take ten years to explain them to a Chimpanzee, it would take a century to pound the slightest conception of them into your aggrieved cranium. Again, "if the intense heat of heavenly fire will make a musician bald headed, what would be necessary to make an individual red headed?" Inasmuch as I have been accused of insinuations, tirades, personalities, sarcasms, envy, jealousy, malice, malicious attempts to injure others, prejudice of profession, want of principle, lack of judgment, of doing nothing myself and being angry with every body who does, and a few other minor traits of the baser sort, I will endeavor to answer your question. In the first place, my dear fellow, it is natural with some people to be so; secondly, I don't believe any thing could improve you to that extent. With some ordinary heads it might be done, but in your case—I am sorry for you—I don't think it is possible—because you see there is nothing to work on—no foundation you know, or nothing of that sort. If I was in your place I believe I would be bored for the hollow-horn, or have some of my brains drawn, for if you don't do something shortly your whole head will rot off. Most any good allopathic physician will do the job for you cheap. If you want to take up a contribution I will subscribe \$1.50 and take a season ticket to the clinic.

I suppose my "want of principle" in allowing my professional prejudices to come to the surface" is to be attributed to the fact that the "sugar coated pill" operated a little beyond expectations; and that my remarks in regard to the shoes are "contemptible" because the shoes pinched some.

Now Mr. Editor, I don't desire to alude any further to that article. Who ever wants to can read it and form their own conclusions, especially as to whether it is "X" or "Z" who is actuated by malice &c.

It is plainly apparent that this "Z" is somebody who took to himself an imaginary affront from the article in your last week's paper, and desires to retaliate in personal abuse very thinly veiled under the guise of taking up the cause of an indignant public as well as of every person proximately or remotely referred to in that article. It is certainly very kind of "Z" to shoulder the grievances of the whole community but inasmuch as "Z" is the only one in the whole community (excepting the intellectual profundity who guides the helm of the Democrat and one or two mutual admiration societies) who took any umbrage at all at the article, I am inclined to believe that "Z's" course is not wholly disinterested. He would have us believe that he was speaking the sentiments of this whole community, but unfortunately nine-tenths of them hold a different opinion. Every person of common sense must be aware that any thing too good to be

criticized, is good for nothing. It is impossible to burlesque a nonentity, (for that reason I let "Z" off so easy) so no one ought to feel aggrieved at the criticism, and I think no one does except "Z" the profundity, and the M. A. societies. They might appropriately choose as their floral emblem—the sweet scented "touch me not."

Now, Mr. Editor, I do not enjoy hurting anybody's feelings, and never had any intention of doing so, and as "Z" appears to be the only individual particularly hurt I desire to retract any thing I may have said about him for fear he might use the remainder of his choice vocabulary of epithets upon me. I don't know who his is, so I will imagine him to be first one and then the other. So now for the retraction. I retract the assertion that "genius flashed from the baton" or "scintillated along the graceful outline of his back," and most humbly admit that it was not genius that did so, and that the outline of his back is not graceful, that there was no genius about him, nor ever was or ever will be, or that genius ever approached nearer than fourteen millions of miles of him or any part of him. I also admit that coadjutant No. 1's back is not "classical" but on the contrary is quite an ordinary back. I admit that his shoes did not enhance the suggestion of genius, and assert by way of retraction that genius would not have resented around them, even had they been less than cork-toed elephants; that the claret of soloist would not have played a bit better even had his throat not been sore; that the 1st Violinist did not shed any effulgence over the audience by his majestic walks across the stage; that the walks were not majestic; that the originator was not in an etherialized ecstasy of soul when he took the pill, and that he did not take it with a smack of intense satisfaction; that it was not flashes of genius through the brain of coadjutant No. 2 that made him bald headed, that he is not bald headed, and even if he is, that the reason is because the soil won't support the growth, and that genius has nothing to do with it.

Now, Mr. Editor I don't know what further I can do to appease the insatiable ire of "Z." It seems to me that if he is at all reasonable he ought to be satisfied. I hope he won't repeat all these hard names any more. Yours, with a breast overflowing with the milk of human kindness, X.
P. S. I forgive "Z"—&c. X.
P. S., again. I don't think it was necessary to retract any thing I said as to the 1st violinist or clarinet soloist or coadjutant No. 1 or 2, for I believe they possess too much sense to get angry at any thing said in the article. X.

The Democrat desires to "foster every worthy and legitimate enterprise," and doesn't like our criticism of the Musical Festival. It says if those who get up these entertainments do the best they can it will encourage and aid them with all its power. We wonder if it has any recollection of a criticism it published on certain participants in the Handel and Haydn Concert two years ago. Did that criticism "receive the approval of the public?"

Dixon Tribune: Delay succeeds delay in the impending railroad changes whereby the Benicia route is to be made the main line of travel. November 1st was the time set a few months ago, but then the ferryboat was not ready. Last week Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agents were notified that the change would be made December 1st, but though the "Solano" was ready at that time, her dock on the Contra Costa side was not; and some of the railroad men do not expect to see overland trains running this way before New Year's.

The Chicago Times says: The discussion of a substitute for hanging having been broached, advocates have appeared for the guillotine, the garrote, the tenotomy, carbonic oxide, electricity and chloroform as means of death. If it were not that the object of the agitation is to secure a merciful death to malefactors, the plan of reading public documents to them, notably President's Messages, might serve. It would be almost instantaneous, but it would also be most horrible.

This is for You
Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to
J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlor, San Francisco

New United States District Court.

Senator Farley has introduced a Bill providing for the creation of a Southern Judicial District in California, to consist of the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Kern, Ventura, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. The Southern District Court thus provided for is to have, in addition to the ordinary jurisdiction of United States District Courts, the jurisdiction of all causes except appeals and writs of error, which are cognizable in Federal Circuit Courts. Regular terms will be held at Los Angeles in February, May, September and December. The appointment, duties and compensation of the various officers of this Court are to be in accord with the existing general law, except that the Judge's salary is fixed at \$4,500. The Bill is supported by the State, District and County Judges and the Bar of the counties named, and provides that the cases in the U. S. Circuit or District Courts in the State shall be transferred to the new Court by consent of the parties, or for good cause shown.

Senator Thomas F. Bayard, is a son of Hon. James A. Bayard, and was born in Wilmington, Del., in October, 1828, being now fifty-one years of age. He received his education at Flushing school, under the principalship of Rev. F. L. Hawk. He was originally intended for a merchant, but preferred the legal profession, in which he has obtained great eminence. In 1851 he was admitted to the bar, and has always practiced in Delaware, with the exception of the years 1855 and 1856, when he resided in Philadelphia. In 1853 the Governor of the State appointed him United States Senator, which position he resigned in 1854. He was elected to the Senatorship for the term commencing 1869 and 1875 for a second term, which will expire in 1881. On the day of his first election to the Senate, his father, James A. Bayard, was also re-elected to the position. Thus both father and son were members of the United States Senate, and elected on the same day. And this is the only occurrence of the kind on record in this country.

Go to Beach's Job office for your fancy printing.

Nature's Triumph.

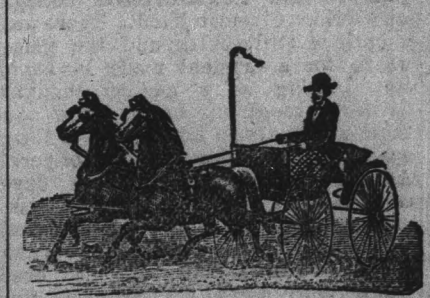
Nature, in her luxuriance, has clothed the hills and the dales with herb and shrub, whose occult natures merely requires the earnest application of the scientific and inquiring mind to reveal their curative properties. For the vegetable world a kindly providence has placed healing for all nations. The only specifics for any disease yet discovered are vegetable in their nature, and while quinine has been accepted as the only remedy for one class, the extract of the buchu plant is rapidly taking its place as a sovereign remedy for other of those ills which afflict humanity. The type of disease to which it is remedial is a broad one, and its manifestations are legion, but it may be stated in general terms that all diseases of the urinary organs, whether caused by climate, irregularity, or self-generated, submit at once to the operation of its power. Helmbold's Buchu, for all such complaints, is the result of long search, and is acknowledged superior to all other preparations.

Hales' Honey of Horehound and Tar is the best known remedy for Coughs and Colds. For sale at Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF Yolo, State of California.
ROBERT LEASON vs. HIS CREDITORS.
Pursuant to an order of the Hon. E. R. Bush Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent Robert Leason to be and appear before the Judge of the Superior Court of the County of Yolo State of California in open Court, at the Court room of said Court, in the Court House, in the said County of Yolo, on the 24th day of January A. D. 1880, at 1 o'clock P. M. of that day, then and there to show cause if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.
Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of December A. D. 1879.
D. M. BURNS, County Clerk,
by J. C. HARLAN, Deputy.

CITY LIVERY STABLE.



SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. sg16

SMITH & WHITE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WHAT AN OLD CALIFORNIAN SAW

—AT THE—

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE.

The finest and cheapest BUSINESS SUITS, FINE DRESS SUITS, the finest Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, a full and well selected stock of Youth's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc

Also the finest lot of DRY GOODS, Etc., ever brought to Woodland. Silk, Silk Velvet, Satin of all shades, etc.

All we ask of you is to call in and we will show you the goods. Remember the FARMERS' & MECHANICS' Store, Excelsior Block, Main St. Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY.

SOMETHING NEW.

— A First-Class —

JOB PRINTING

OFFICE.

Having leased the Job Department of the "Woodland Standard" I respectfully announce to the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing with neatness and dispatch.

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

VISITING CARDS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc

All descriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.

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F. W. BEACH, Prop'r.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

THE WOODLAND STANDARD

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor

The Sparrow.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
Yet there's One who cares for me.

I have no barn nor storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world we are found—
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know there is One who keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

If I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
Yet I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

Nora Creeman.

A fresh young Irish voice rang out in merry song, a voice like a bird's, it was so full of trills and quiverings. "Twas the beauty of an Irish face which was raised laughingly to Lord Kilderm's. 'Twas a pair of the bluest of Irish blue eyes which looked up to his as the sweet young voice continued. "So you are going away, Lord Kilderm?"

Lord Kilderm looked down into those blue eyes with a gaze of passionate longing. Had he not looked into them with passionate longing ever since he met his wild young Irish beauty, Nora Creeman, three months before? Had he not begged with passionate longing, the joy of looking forever in those same blue eyes? But never so much as a word of love had little Nora's rosebud lips ever given him.

He looked at her now with dark eyes alight with such intense love as to startle even the laughing girl who had caused that love. He did not reply to her question, and before she could ask it again she felt herself encircled by a strong arm and pressed close to Lord Kilderm's heart. She could hear it beat with overpowering love for her as she lay there on his breast, lay there with such an exquisite sense of joy as to fairly conquer her—and Nora Creeman was not easily conquered; but she owned it to herself with a sort of gasp—she loved him. But she thought never let him know it, she thought, never, so long as she lived.

With this thought she struggled free from his fond arms, and stood a little way off, looking at him with mischievous eyes.

"Little Nora do you love me? I could have sworn it a moment ago, looking into your precious face. You will be my wife, little one?" he questioned eagerly.

She laughed a low, little laugh, in which a close observer might have detected a ring of bitterness.

"Love you? Nora Creeman love you?" Again the silvery laugh floated forth. "What would Lord Kilderm's haughty and aristocratic parents say if they knew that their idolized son and heir was asking a humble little Irish girl to be his wife?"

Ah! So this is the reason she evaded him so long, Lord Kilderm said to himself. He would try and overcome that objection, although he knew every word the girl uttered was true. He could picture to himself his dainty mother's horror, his father's anger, if they knew the true state of affairs. But he would risk his father's anger ten times over if he could, by doing so, claim Nora Creeman as his own.

"I care not what they would think," he answered, daringly. "Am I not my own master? Only say you will marry me, darling, and they may think what they may."

But the blue eyes never softened, the little feet did not come a step nearer; instead, they retreated farther away.

"I fully appreciate the honor, my lord, but decline becoming Lady Kilderm," she replied in a mocking voice. "And by the way it is nearly three o'clock, and I ought to have been home an hour ago."

She picked up her pretty straw hat, now covered with wild flowers, as she spoke, and, shaking the flowers from her hair, and smoothing the wrinkles from her plain white dress, she turned to go.

"Nora, you will not leave me without one word of hope? Remember, I shall not see you again till I can get away from London, which will be a month at the very shortest," he implored, pleadingly.

"Then I advise you not to come and see me again, as, once for all, Lord Kilderm, I will never be your wife," in a tone of firm decision. "Forget me!" she said, with sudden earnestness.

"Go back to London, and marry some proudly-reared and nobly-born lady whom your parents have chosen for you, and I prophesy that in a week you will have forgotten Nora Creeman."

"I could not forget you, little Nora, and by Heaven you shall be mine, I swear it! Those sweet lips shall yet say you love me."

She picked up her hat which had again fallen to the ground, and with a laughing "Time will tell, Lord Kilderm!" she was off over the fields, her taunting laugh floating back to where Lord Kilderm leaned gloomily against the trunk of the tree under which they both had been standing. He must go to London to-morrow, and leave these lovely Irish hills and dales and his fair Irish love behind him, and his heart rebelled hotly.

Little did Nora Creeman know how near the truth her remark about his marrying some one of his own rank came. He thought now of all his parents' hopes and plans, laid upon his marriage to Lady Laura Belmont, a

reigning London belle, and whose estate joined that of their own. He knew his father's heart was fixed upon this marriage, and he began to think he might as well marry Lady Laura, since he could not have the one true love of his heart.

And so next day he was whirled away to London, and reached home just in time to greet Lady Laura Belmont, who had been calling on his mother, and was making her adieu just as he arrived. When Lady Laura was gone, and his mother had languidly expressed her joy at his return, she said to him, with a little more animation than she generally used—

"And now, Audley, do pay a little more attention to Laura Belmont, and try to come to an understanding with her, as you have been away from her side too long already. It is a wonder some one has not carried off the prize which you might claim as your own if you would but say the word."

He did not tell her he had said the "word" to a little girl away in Ireland, but instead made an impatient gesture as he went to dress; for to-night he was to attend Lady Laura and his mother to the opera, his mother having gained a reluctant consent from him, and with a sigh he resigned himself to fate. Away in the little Irish village in which was her home, Nora Creeman sat in her chamber, with her head leaning on her hand, which rested on the sill of the open window. The scent of many flowers floated up to her as she sat there, thinking of those happy moments spent with Lord Kilderm. She gave him up bravely, but she found it much harder to bear than she thought. But Nora Creeman knew, and she knew rightly, too, that she could never have been happy as Lord Kilderm's wife. Happy in his love she might have been; but she knew too well his aristocratic parents would never have opened their doors to one of so humble birth as hers, no matter how much of a lady she might be; and she was a lady to the ends of her finger-tips; for had not Lord Kilderm told her time and again, that she was as much of a lady as any of the proud dames who swept through his mother's drawing-room in silks and velvets? But although of honest, respectable parentage, Nora had no blue blood in her veins, and she knew full well that she never could have reconciled her mind that she had been the cause of Audley Kilderm's separation from his parents. She knew if Lord Kilderm had been sure of her love for him he would never have left her till she consented to become his, and so she had resolved never to let him know how wholly her heart was his.

There was a pitiful little droop about the corners of her sweet mouth since Lord Kilderm left her, and she performed her tasks with a patient heart, and in a manner devoid of all the old, laughing way which characterized her before she ever saw Lord Kilderm.

Lord Kilderm was holding Lady Laura Belmont's fan, opera-glass, and divers other articles belonging to that fashionable young lady, in a private box at the opera, and looking with languid interest on the scene being enacted on the stage below. The play was Faust, and although every one was raving about Marguerite's beauty and exquisite acting, his thoughts were far away in a little Irish village. He could endure it no longer, and although Nora had, that day, bidden him not to come again, he was going to see her once more; once again to plead for her love, once again to look in her dear eyes, and if she refused, then—why, then, and a look of utter misery came into his handsome dark eyes, he would ask Lady Laura to be his wife before the season was over. He might as well make some one happy, for he knew Lady Belmont did not look upon him with unfavorable eyes; and since they all wished it, if Nora Creeman would not marry him, why he—

"Lord Kilderm, this is the third time I have spoken to you without receiving a reply. What are you dreaming of?"

Lady Laura's voice broke in upon his reverie. He gave a sudden start, and then put his absorbing thoughts out of his mind, and was devoted attention to Laura Belmont for the rest of the evening.

"Probably if he had never seen the beautiful face of Nora Creeman he might have loved Laura Belmont; he liked her very much as it was, for although Laura Belmont had turned half the heads of London with her lovely blonde beauty, under her satins beat one of the truest and best of hearts."

The next day Lord Kilderm told his valet to prepare for a run over to Ireland, and that he should not need his services, all of which information the valet received with a smile, thinking of the other run over to Ireland, and had his own suspicions why his master did not need him. But what his valet thought did not trouble Lord Kilderm, and he hastened away to the train which would take him to his little love among the Irish hills, and his eyes suddenly grew misty with a tender light as he thought of the future meeting.

Lord Kilderm lifted the latch of the vine-covered gate which led up the path to the flower-covered cottage where Nora Creeman lived. There was a curious stillness around the place which for a moment made his heart stop beating as a sudden thought flashed through his brain. How odd there was no fresh Irish voice trilling sparkling Irish songs as in days of yore! As the remembrance of those days came back to him he forgot all else, and mounted the steps and knocked with a light heart. Nora's aunt opened the door—Nora's aunt, who had ever had a kindly regard for Lord Kilderm, and, thinking what was in store for him, there came into her eyes a look of pity, and sorrow as she greeted him.

"He caught the look, and cried out, 'Nora! she is well?' And then his thoughts above the stillness of the place came back to him, and he gasped out, 'She is not dead?'"

"No," Nora's aunt replied; "but she has been very ill, and I am afraid—"

She could go no further, as the tears came and blinded her eyes and choked her utterance.

"Take me to her!" hurriedly said

Lord Kilderm. And she led him to the room where Nora Creeman lay dying, and, softly shutting the door, left them alone.

Audley Kilderm crossed the room to meet Nora Creeman's blue eyes, the blue eyes he loved so well; and as he looked into them his heart gave a great throb, for he knew at last that Nora Creeman loved him. He forgot that the knowledge of that love would never do him any good; forgot that she would never call Irish melodies for him again; forgot everything except his own great love, and that his love was returned, he clasped her unresistingly to his heart.

She closed her eyes wearily as a tired child who had found rest, and a look of peace came over her face while she smiled up into his eyes.

"My darling, my darling!" he murmured, and for a moment Nora Creeman wished she had never sent him away from her; but she put the thought resolutely away, for she knew it was best as it was, best she should die, although it was so hard, just as she had found her one great joy.

At last Lord Kilderm remembered she would never be brought to him in this world, and he buried his head in his arms and sobbed like a child.

"No, Audley," and Nora lifted his head and smoothed back his hair with her little hands, "it is better so. I never could have lived and been your wife, knowing your parents' wishes. I thought I could get over my love after awhile, but I was never very strong; and one day I caught a heavy cold, and I never seemed to get my strength back after that. But, love, we will meet over there, where all is right. Kiss me, Audley, once more, I am so weary." And as Lord Kilderm pressed one last lingering kiss upon the dewy lips, Nora Creeman's head drooped on his shoulder, and she was at rest.

The Countess of Kilderm wondered what kept her son, Lord Audley, abroad so long—wondered why he could not come home and settle down as he should do, and impatiently tapped her dainty, slippered foot as she thought of her son's waywardness. He had been traveling for the past two years, writing home occasionally, but never saying a word of return. She often wondered what made him go off on such an extended tour so very suddenly. If he could only come home now, at once, all might yet be well. Lady Laura had never married and everything might yet turn out as she had hoped it would two years ago, before Lord Kilderm took that absurd and unnecessary trip abroad, and—

The door opened quickly and her long-absent son crossed the room and tenderly kissed her. She looked at him fondly, in spite of her worldliness, the Countess of Kilderm was very fond of her son.

Lord Kilderm was welcomed by society with open arms as one of the best catches of the season. He soon fell into his old way; but he was never quite the same man again.

He met Lady Laura many times in society, and at last the marriage upon which his mother's heart was fixed took place.

Although Lord Kilderm has now one of the most beautiful wives in England, who is good as well as beautiful, his thoughts often wander to Irish hills, and he sees two Irish blue eyes, and hears a sweet Irish voice cooing songs for him.—Waverley.

Not Known.

A public dinner occasion at Harvard when Mr. Everett was President of that University immortalized a well-known pun in the toast, "The name of our distinguished President—fame follows where Everett goes." In one case, at least, Everett's fame did not follow fast enough to catch up with him. At some festive gathering in New York not long ago one of the speakers told this amusing story of the great scholar and statesman:

He was one of the passengers in a loaded stage running out of Concord. When they came to the cross-roads, a young lady came out and desired to go. There was no room. Having arrived at an age that would make such an offer graceful and proper, he offered to take her on his knee. She thanked him and accepted. They conversed during the trip, and when he reached his destination he thought he would astonish his fair burden by letting her know what distinguished knee had sustained her. He told her as modestly as he could that he was Mr. Everett—Edward Everett.

"Uh!" said the sweet creature, "you be! Be you one of them men from Salem?"

She had never heard his name! It was the last time during life that he tried to impress a stranger by announcing his name.

This ignorance of the eminent man—especially literary men—illustrating the proverb about the "name of his own country," is laughably common. Going to visit Lowell the other day a friend inquired of a Cambridge driver where the poet lived.

"What, Longfellow the grocer?"

"No, Longfellow the poet."

"I dunno nothin' about him."

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MOTHER.—The German Emperor still tenderly cherishes the memory of his mother, the lovely Queen Louise. The rooms which she occupied in the Castle of Konigsberg are by his special desire kept religiously in nearly the same order in which she left them, and are reserved for his private use. When Louise took refuge with her children, after the battle of Jena, in a mill on her way to Konigsberg, she wrote on a windowpane with the diamond in her ring, the touching line in which Goethe speaks of the eating of bread with tears. The glass bearing the inscription was long cherished by the family of the miller, until he, in dying, bequeathed it to the Emperor.

The surtout, worn instead of the ulster, is cut precisely like a gentleman's overcoat, and is made of English water-proof. Its masculine cut and severity of trimming make it a stylish garment.

Sweet Messengers.

Who has not been worried almost to distraction by letters? Who has not passed through the ordeal of waiting for letters which never come, of hoping against hope? To some, letters are sweet messengers, speaking of "home" and absent friends, and as soon as the contents are devoured the reply is sent instantaneously. But to others, letters are considered as bores and are never answered, even at the risk of appearing rude. Who does not possess a package of cherished letters, breathing tenderness and love from dear parents. Such letters, when the world fails us and happiness seems to evade our grasp, are taken from their sacred receptacles and read with a longing for the writer's presence, wishing that they could verbally reassure us of their sincerity; yet the perusal of these friendly letters, always alleviates an aching heart. Never study a subject in order to write letters, especially to friends; let your thoughts come from the heart and the pen will shape them into words which will honor you. But above all, in letter-writing, remember as a rule never to write even to your worst enemy an insulting letter; it is the acme of villainy and degrades not only the recipient, but the one who sends such misadvice. Letters that to me appear Titanic, are letters of condolence, for unless stricken ourselves by sorrow we do not understand the grief of others; the phrases we pen always seem too frivolous for the object in view.

THE TRUE LADY.—The lady does not lose caste because she makes her own clothes, and is obliged to economize. "A lady is a woman who clearly understands and consistently practices, the refinements of a highly-civilized existence; and the most marked distinction between a lady and a woman who is not a lady, is that one is more civilized than the other, and more determined to preserve the habits of a high civilization, both in her own person and in all those over whom she has authority. These habits are not simply habits of expense; it is cheaper to remain sober than to get drunk, and yet it is more ladylike to be sober. It does not cost more money to speak good English than bad, or to be more gentle than rude; yet it is a lady's way, from preference, to speak correctly and has gentle manners. It so happens by the force of circumstances that there are more ladies in the upper class than in the lower, and that there is a severer public opinion in the upper classes about most things which, taken together, constitute civilization, because it is a fault in rich people (who have great facilities for being clean and cultivated and polite, when it may only be a misfortune in poor ones. There is, then, really such a thing as ladyhood, and it is one of the strongest of civilizing influences."

BOW-LIGNS.—Mothers who desire to see their children physically upright should attend to this suggestion: Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and a Manchester (England) physician, Dr. Compton, attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together.

They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slipped. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked under the hollow behind the other.

He has found that when one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way.

A very young reporter in Cincinnati writes: "Marriage, to woman, is the most important event of her life. In consenting to become a wife she deliberately gives up her family—brothers, sisters, father and mother. The boy will learn better when he gets a little further on in life."

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Chimney-sweeping must be a good business; it soots everybody who tries it.

Franklin said that rich widows are the only second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

"I'll join you presently," said the minister to the young couple as he went for the church key.

What is the great difficulty in arctic exploration?—For the explorers to keep themselves warm and their ships cooled.

An up-town chap says that a well-moulded arm is prettier without bracelets; besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's car.

A political economist says "the best wives are cheapest." Yet every man who has a good wife looks upon her as "a little dear."

"Talk about the jaws of death!" exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife; "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

A FACT.—You may meet with twenty men in the day who stutter, but you never heard of a woman who had an impediment in her speech.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds were perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

An Albany genius calls a new suspender which has been patented "the Conscience Suspender." It owes its name to its extreme elasticity.

There is no circus tent, however much watched and tended, But needs some greater care; There is no hole, however well defended, But has a small boy there.

A young man in Nebraska sent an offer of marriage to a girl whom he fancied, and in reply received a telegram: "Come on with your minister."

"I think it's time to be going," said young Skinner, after boring his betrothed till a late hour one night. "Yes," said she, "this is a go-as-you-please match."

"Mother," said a little square-built urehin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

Baron Anderson, the late judge, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied: "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

DOUBLE MEANING.—Mary—"Get out wid ye, Pat! Ye niver mane the half that ye say!" Pat—"Sure then, Mary, I mane the other half double, so it's all one!"—[Fun.]

The Detroit Free Press wants some one to stand up and kick the head off that senseless "to wit." Do not mistake this for the De Witt.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

"Sympathize with me!" exclaimed a merchant who had failed. "Regret my embarrassment! You'd better sympathize with my creditors, and mourn over their embarrassment."

Father (addressing his little boy, who has brought home a bad mark from school).—"Now, Johnnie, what shall I do with this stick?"

Johnnie—"Why, go for a walk, papa."

A young man of Holyoke, who got imprisoned in a large refrigerator for three hours, said, when he was released, that he felt as though he had just been entertained at a fashionable church soiree.

Wife.—"But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in."

Husband.—"Oh no, my love; I'll rap you up well before you come down."

That was an observing fellow, if he was but six years old, who said, "Papa, I wish you would quarantine against Tom Jones coming here every night to see Jennie. It's got to be too epidemic."

Lady Tourist.—"Are the sheets well aired?"

Chamber-Maid.—"Troth and they are, ma'am; for the sayson is three months begun, and they've been well used since."

A bright boy was walking along the street with his mother, and, observing a man with a peculiar hitch in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed: "Look, mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet."

"See here, waiter, this codfish is not nearly as good as that I ate here the day before yesterday." "Dear me—dear me! What a thing prejudice is! Why, sir, the piece you are eating is from the very same fish!"

First Urohin.—"When doctors are sick do they get other doctors to give them medicine?"

Second Urohin.—"Yes, of course; they never take their own medicine, but give that to the other folks."

"No," said the Texas lawyer, as he placed a couple of loaded derringers on the table before him, "the fact that the witness is a desperate man will not deter me from asking him such questions as I may deem proper."

"Don't you think that a good likeness of me!" said a pretty wife to a small fraction of herself called her husband. "Very good," was the reply, "except that there is a little too much repose about the mouth."

If the sun were not broiling, and the sand didn't get into the salad, and the reefs were soft and smooth, and there were no mosquitoes, and one had to go three-quarters of a mile for water, what a tame affair a picnic would be?

Mamma—"Are you good now, Mabel?"

Mabel—"Ye-es."

Mamma—"And why are you not always good?"

Mabel—"It's so much easier to be naughty."

Young Wife (shopping).—"I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow, and I shall want some lamb."

Butcher.—"Yes, m. Forequarter o' lamb, m?"

Young Wife.—"Well, I think three quarters will be enough."

Streets of London.

The stores are not, for the most part, disfigured by glaring signs. There are signs, but they are comparatively few and small and inoffensive; and of flags, staffs and transparencies and other rag-fair appearances, there are none. This is one characteristic of London streets that makes walking through them a pleasant and soothing process. And this unmarred modesty of outward show involves no inconvenience. It is the stranger's own fault if he cannot find any shop to which he wishes to go. But there is one peculiarity of London streets which is somewhat embarrassing to a stranger; they are not, the long ones at least, numbered regularly from end to end, with the odd numbers on one side and the even on the other, but irregularly and in sections; the sections being those parts of the street which run through certain quarters; and the same street has different names in different quarters. The quarter in which a house or shop stands is generally named, as well as the street itself. This produces those double designations which strike us in London addresses; for example, "Bedford street, Covent Garden;" "Wellington street, Strand;" and even "Bond street, Regent street." The complication makes no difficulty when once you are used to it; and it has a picturesque and individuality which seems to me far preferable to the right-angled and numerical street arrangements, which rule off a city in square blocks, and numbers the houses in one block 100, those in the next 200, and so on. There is a certain piquant interest in such designations as Black Swan without Temple Bar, The Golden Ball in St. Paul's Churchyard, the Queen's Head against St. Dunstan's Church, or the King's Arms in Little Britain.

A Novel Institution.

There exists in Denmark a singular institution, established mainly for the benefit of the daughters of the nobility. When a man of wealth is blessed by the birth of a daughter he causes her to be enrolled at this institution, paying a very small sum, with a fixed annual payment of a moderate amount. When the young girl reaches the age of twenty-one she not only finds herself in possession of a very nice little income, but she has a right to occupy and enjoy a fine apartment, well furnished; in an elegant house, with parks and gardens, and her companions will be ladies, young or old, who are members of the association. It is not obligatory upon a member to reside longer at the chateau or more frequently than suits her convenience. If the father dies and the young girl is unprotected she has an asylum at once, even if the subsequent annual subscriptions are not liquidated, and when she attains her majority her annual income commences. If she should die or contract marriage her interest in the association passes to the general fund. If she should be married when she is twenty all that is paid in by her father accrues to the association, and it is this source of income that enables the institution to demand only a small annual subscription, which renders it easy for a father to meet the demand, with the assurance that if his daughter cannot be married without a marriage portion, she will at least be in the enjoyment of a comfortable home for life. This institution has been prosperous at Copenhagen for sixty years. The features of the plan are somewhat singular, and not adapted to this country in some particulars, but the plan of commencing with the birth of a daughter to provide for the old age of the infant is rather commendable. It is life insurance to the very letter.

A Striking Story.

In the old cemetery at New Haven we used to be shown a tomb of enormously heavy stones, the grave of a man who planned it for himself, in defiance of the Angel of the Resurrection. Whether his impious challenge has ever been met by such a silent rebuke as the one here recorded, we cannot say. A young German countess who lived about a hundred years ago was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "The burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done, but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the stone and the upper slab and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised, and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard, it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—*Standard.*

The *Athenaeum* thinks that Thackeray is the only novelist of his time whose popularity is steadily increasing. It says: "It is as a painter of his own times, a painter who had no rival in his own day, that Thackeray will be remembered, and time will make of these wonderful novels true historical romances. They will live as vivid pictures of English society in the first half of the nineteenth century." His popularity is traced to the mixture of half-hearted pessimism and real optimism to be found in his writings.

The magnitude of the loss to the government by frauds in postage stamps is suggested by the discovery that the Assistant Postmaster at Pittsfield, Mass., saved \$1,000 in a single year by peeling off fresh stamps from the letters dropped into his office and putting canceled ones in their place.

The Natural Child.

Opposite, is a young woman with a little child. An angelic child. The child is not only becomingly, but very expensively dressed, and when it becomes manifest that the mother is probably the wife of a mechanic, it occurs to one to wonder what would be the emotions of a European mother of this class, on seeing a child of hers arrayed in all this lace, embroidery and the softest and snowiest of woolen wraps.

At once all eyes are drawn toward this sweetest of sweet things—a beautiful child. The first person to notice her is a pleasant-looking man, who sits with his wife, in the seat next to the baby. Something about them makes one feel that this is a childless pair. The baby at this moment is half sitting, half lying on her mother's lap, kicking up one little red-shod foot against the back of the next seat. She is almost the only unconscious creature in the car who lies there perfectly happy and at ease. Friendly man stretches out his hand toward her. Up springs the mother, and with a nervous hand seizes the little foot, puts baby into a conventional attitude, saying with an accent of horror, "Why, Maud! Your foot does not look very pretty up there."

"What is your name?" asks the man. The baby, bless her heart, has now worked herself down again, into her pretty attitude, and again kicks up the little red foot, making no answer to the stranger. Again the mother seizes the foot, glancing anxiously around at us all, and repeating, "Why, Maud! Tell the gentleman what your name is; Maud, Maud! Tell the gentleman what your name is."

Baby is gazing happily now at a bird in a cage hanging near, and visible through a rent in the paper cover; but the mother cannot leave her in peace, and begins a vigorous pushing back of the yellow hair under the cap. We can all feel how it pulls. That done, she stifles up the angel in her lap into the attitude of a wax doll and begins the exhibition again: "Can't you tell the gentleman how old you are?" "Most two," the baby answers promptly. "Oh, no; not most two," the mother says solemnly, "two years old, Maud; say two years old." And then—Maud, say this, and Maud, say that, is repeated over and over, the little victim being shown off and put through her paces, without a moment's peace or rest, for so long that it makes one's ears and heart ache.

It is a relief when the friendly man reaches out his arms to the baby in a gentle way, and she raises her blue eyes to his, and seeing that yearning look there which a love of children often puts into a man's eyes, and which even a very young baby knows how to read, straightway holds out her arms to him, and he lifts her over the back of the seat with that expression, wholly pleased and half surprised, which becomes one who has received the highest of compliments—the confidence and preference of a little child.

For a few minutes our dear baby was allowed to rest in this quiet man's arms, to play with his watch, to hunt through his pockets, to be let alone to do what she pleased. It was not long, however, before the mother began struggling in an ominous way with her traveling basket, and then, while baby was entirely quiet and happy, watching the reflection of the lamp on the bright watch, a large piece of what looked like pound cake was passed over to her by her mother.

It was hard to see her put the little white teeth into it, and to judge from this what the ordinary diet was likely to be; hard to glance from the beautiful, peach-like cheek of the child to the sallow one of the young mother, which, together with the fragile, broken American teeth, told the story of chronic dyspepsia and general debility. Is this what our blooming baby is coming to?

She throws half the cake on the floor, thank heaven, but eats the rest carelessly, and without appetite (there being no member of the S. P. C. C. present to prevent this case of cruelty to children), and then standing for a moment on the man's knees, she glances up, and through the narrow window in the roof of the car she catches sight of the moon.

"Moon!" she shouts, with an enchanting laugh. "Moon up high!" Then up go her darling hands, and she calls, "Moonie! Moonie! Come Moonie!" Half the occupants of the car are looking at her at this moment, as sweet pictures as ever gladdened human hearts. What was there in all this to bring tears to folks' eyes? And yet they started, at the sight of this little white-robed creature, whose every natural impulse seemed doomed to speedy paralysis by means of the straight-jacket of self-consciousness, making now and then a hopeless little leap for freedom. As they watched her standing there, her hands stretched up toward her native land, and calling the moon to come to her, one felt half indignant that it did not come.

"Why! she never did that before," said her mother. "Maud, sit down and tell the gentleman where you went with parper. Where did you go with parper, Maud? Maud, where did you go with parper?" The dear cheeks are growing too red now. "Water," she says as she is dragged down—from the companionship of the skies. "Water, water." It becomes a moan, and we think of the pound-cake. "No. There ain't no water. Marmar can't get no water. Water is all gone. Tell the gentleman where you are going, Maud."

"Water," means the baby, and turns her flaming cheek toward her mother, stretching out her hands to her; "water." "Water is all gone; perhaps

there'll be a boy round with water bime bye," says the mother. "Tell the gentleman where you went with parper, Maud."

My journey is ended. Poor baby goes farther, night though it be, and the last words I hear as I leave the car are: "Can't you tell the gentleman where you are going, Maud?" I will ask no more why we are a self-conscious nation, but can any one tell me why angels from heaven are given into these cruelly ignorant hands?

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curb-stone up Woodward avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Could Not Stand It.

A parishioner of a venerable divine in Western Massachusetts took deep offence at a sermon of the pastor, and vehemently declared, "I will never hear you preach in that house again." Then came the bland interrogation of the pastor, "But you will any one else who may occupy the pulpit." "Most certainly," was the reply. "And I will take pleasure in having you constantly informed," said the pastor.

When the next preacher, other than the pastor, was at hand, there appeared at the door of the irate parishioner his own minister with the courteous salutation, "I have the pleasure of informing you that the Rev. Mr. — will be in the pulpit to-day, and we shall all be pleased to see you at the sanctuary."

Three or four such calls on such an errand by the venerable pastor, were more than he could bear, and softened and subdued, the offended parishioner made reply, "If you will pay me no more visits of this kind, I will attend on your worship and preaching as long as I live." And he stood fast by his promise to his judicious and sagacious pastor to the end of life.—*Congregationalist.*

WHO CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISH.—The Princess Louise captured a twenty-eight pound salmon at Indian House Pond, somewhere near Quebec, and did it all alone by herself, the Marquis, who was in her canoe with her, touching neither rod nor reel, giving no directions, and not even venturing to hurrah after the deed was done, for fear of a misinterpretation of his enthusiasm. This was doing very well indeed, and the Princess is entitled to a great deal of praise. We believe, by the way, that the trout caught by Mrs. Hayes in the Adirondacks last summer weighed twenty-nine and three-quarter pounds, and was secured while William Wheeler was a couple of miles away and sound asleep. But the Princess' fish was a very pretty little fish for all that.—*Buffalo Express.*

SCRAP PUDDING.—Put the scraps of bread-crust and crumbs into a bowl, with sufficient milk to cover them. Cover with saucapan lid, or a plate, and put into the oven to soak for about half an hour. Take out and mash the bread with a fork till it is a pulp; then add a handful of raisins, and as many currants, a teaspoon of brown sugar, half cup of milk, some candied lemon peel and one egg. Stir well, grease a pudding-dish, and pour the pudding in. Grate a little nutmeg in, put into a moderate oven, and let it bake for an hour and a half.

FISH CAKES.—One pint bowl salt codfish, picked very fine, two pint bowls of whole, raw peeled potatoes; put together in cold water and boil till the potatoes are thoroughly cooked; remove from fire, and drain off all the water, mash with potato-masher, add piece of butter the size of an egg, two well beaten eggs, and a little pepper; mix well with a wooden spoon; have a frying pan with boiling lard or drippings, into which drop a spoon of mixture and fry brown; do not freshen the fish before boiling with potatoes, and do not mold cakes, but drop from a spoon.

POTATO PUDDING.—Boil six or seven good sized potatoes, and when thoroughly done, peel and mash with milk to a thin batter; add a half-pound of white sugar, four eggs, the grated peel and half the juice of a lemon. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Satin and velvet combinations make a charming effect in trimmings for plain silks.

Fringes are very wide.

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WIGHT L. HACKETT, ...EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL., ...DEC. 20, 1879

An Electrified Pine Forest.

St. Elmo's fire is the name given by mariners to weird glow and lightning-like flame sometimes seen hovering around the spars and rigging of ships at sea. It is in reality a species of lightning, in the form of a silent discharge of electricity from the loftiest points of the ship into the atmosphere, and it is produced by a mass of electricity cloud or air over the ship inducing a charge of opposite electricity on the sea underneath and drawing it off by the masts of the vessel, which in this case act as lightning rods. A splendid instance of the same phenomenon was lately witnessed in the Jura at St. Cergus, where a whole forest of pine trees was seen to be aglow with light like a phosphorescent sea in the tropics. A thunderstorm was raging at the time, and at every flash of lightning the illumination suddenly disappeared, but soon shone forth again until the next flash came. Before the appearance of this St. Elmo's fire, heavy rains had fallen and soaked the forest so as to render it conducive of electricity, and the thunder-cloud overhead, heavily charged with electricity, had induced an opposite charge on the ground below, which discharged itself into the air by the pointed boughs and needles of the pine trees.

White Egyptian Corn.

A writer in the Fresno Republican, speaking of Egyptian corn, says: It will give a big yield on soil too poor to produce any other grain crop.

It will grow in ground too dry to produce even rye or barley, the two next driest crops.

It requires no threshing, just the cutting off of the heads being all that is necessary, and that is less work than to husk other corn.

It can be harvested at any time from August to Christmas, being ready any time you are ready to harvest.

Its yield is greater, and it is more valuable stock or team feed, pound for pound, than any other grain.

It is one of the most healthful and palatable articles of food ever brought to the table, either ground and made into buns, cakes, pudding, etc., or cooked whole as a substitute for rice.

It leaves on the ground, when Summer feed is gone, immense amounts of green stalks, leaves and heads, which are greedily eaten, are of the greatest value for forage for all kinds of stock.

The English ordnance officials at Woolwich, England, are trying to burst the twin thirty-eight ton gun, in order to find out how its fellow on board the Thunderer came to explode. The experiment is to take place, not in the open, but in a great chamber of earth and stone, which is being constructed for the purpose. The theory is that the cannon burst because it was double-loaded, and the chief end of the forthcoming trials is to ascertain whether other cannon are liable to the same accident under the same conditions, or whether this gun was simply a weaker brother which could not stand the extra pressure. The experiment is likely to cost the British Government \$50,000.

She was dashing and flirty, and when she said her father was a broker, and was connected with one of the leading railroads in the country, all the men at the watering place were after her. They didn't discover until the end of the season that her paternal relative broke the trains.

A little boy, the son of an orthodox Presbyterian, recently listened attentively to some conversation in regard to Jesus having been a Jew. At last he could stand it no longer and broke out with: "Well, I don't see how that could be, when God, His Father, was a Presbyterian."

Treeless Iowa is being transformed into a forest-covered country, by a law which remits certain taxes for five years on every acre of forest trees planted and kept alive. Over 75,000 acres of fruit and forest trees have been planted, and \$200,000 have been remitted in taxes.

Eight masked robbers stopped a railway train in the west the other day. As the train contained an excursion of editors, the only loss was a loss of time to the robbers.

No wonder that egotists find the world so ugly. They see themselves in it.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

ish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

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GENTS' CLOTHING,

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Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

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Will at all times be supplied with the best the Mar- ket Affords.

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Opposite the Postoffice.

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Will return in a few days from San Francisco, where she has gone to receive a large stock of Holiday Goods which have just arrived from Europe. This stock consists of

TOYS OF ALL KINDS, NUTS AND CANDIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Give her a call before Christmas.

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REV. FATHER J. A. ROONEY

Will deliver a Public Lecture at the Catholic Church, Woodland, on

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 23d, '79,

Commencing at 7 o'clock.

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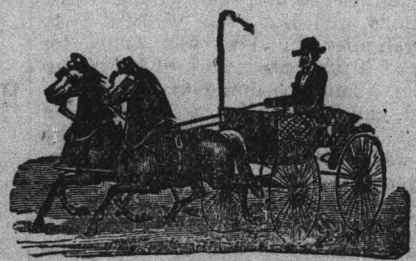
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I have as fine a stock as was ever brought to this county. My line of

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is very complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in MAJOLICA WARE and my stock of WOOD and WILLOW ware, etc., cannot be surpassed. Inviting each and every one to call and examine prices, I remain

Respectfully,

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